National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.
ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

TOASTS TO ABE LINCOLN.

THE HEAVY CURSE.

MAY Heaven's curses, dark and dire,
Commingled with Almighty fire,
Fall on your head and press you down
With dreadful torture to the ground?

May peace forever from you fly,
Pleasures fleet when they seem nigh,
And in their place may gnawing pain
Seize and rack your burning brain!

May sleep ne'er bless your weary eyes,
Nor guardian angels from the skies
Around your bed their vigils keep,
To guard you well should e'er you sleep!

May friends forsake you in distress,
And no kind hand assist or bless,
But all the world to you be foes,
And crush your life with bitterest woes!

May loathsome sights appall your eyes,
And wasting age and maladies
So mar your life that thou shalt rave
For final refuge in the grave!

On you may hell put forth its might,
And shroud your soul in endless night;
May this e'er be thy resting-place,
And that of all your cursed race!

And if there be a curse more dire
Than hell with all its l'quid fire,
Oh, may it in your soul e'en creep,
And hellish fiends their nightly orgies keep!

—*Mobile Southern Tribune.* TOASTER.

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

From The N. Y. Daily News.

IT is at least questionable whether the frantic efforts that have been made by the fanatical Abolitionists of the North to emancipate the slave, will not in the end result in enlarging the bounds of slavery, and making it a more potent institution than ever before. That at least is the opinion of some of our best and calmest thinkers. The emancipation that the wild fanaticism of the Republican party desires for the negroes has become their worst bondage. These idealists imagine that they can decree our freedom to them, in the condition they have been so long, and still are. They believe that they can emancipate them by proclamation into what we enjoy—that they can make for them in a day what God has made for us in centuries—that it can be theirs, without being as it was with us, the slow growth of ages—that with us they could retain it, or if we were to vanish from the soil they could hold it themselves.

Miserable delusion, to think that you can call forth the full grown and solid oak, except by the process by which the acorn unfolds and strengthens itself year after year. The remedy of any great social evil—admitting slavery to be such, which we deny—the provision for a great social good, is not to be accomplished save in reference to the highest sanctions of human conduct, save in reference to the supreme authority over man. The astronomer is mad who burdens his conscience with the charge of winds, clouds, rain and sunshine, and their influence upon the harvests, by which man and beast must live.

The philanthropist is mad who burdens his conscience with accomplishing his own estimate and plan for the well-being of the race, who undertakes to overrule the Great Overruler himself. And yet this last is exactly what these madmen of the Nineteenth Century, intrusted with the destinies of a nation, have been doing. They would emancipate suddenly the slave population through the fierce agencies of civil war. But God is true to himself and his violated laws. Man might as well attempt to contravene the decree, "The poor ye shall always have with you," as to attempt suddenly to violate the laws which evidently place the inferior race on this continent in a position of dependence and submission. Have they not been taught by the stupendous, the mortifying, failures that seem to mark all their efforts, that they are only fighting against God and his decree?

How long will this nation submit in patience to offer up hecatombs of their bravest and best, and pour out their treasures like water, to subserve the wild, Bedlam-like theories of such brainless fanatics as Lincoln, Sumner, Wilson, and Wade? Will these madmen push it to the point, when the revolution, like Saturn, "shall commence to devour its own offspring"? for as sure as God reigns, to that point it will come at last, before the great mass of our people will consent to the sacrifice of everything they hold dear, to gratify the moonstruck abstractions of these bloody-minded fanatics.

THE BLACK BULLOCKS BEFORE PETERSBURG.

THE butchery of negroes before Petersburg is a mournful illustration of Abolition philanthropy. The soul sickens while conceiving the nature of the fearful errand upon which these poor victims of fanaticism were sent. A breastwork is to be stormed in the face of a murderous fire that a military eye must have foreseen could be withstood by none but those of the most approved and stubborn courage and perfect discipline. A negro division of comparatively untried troops was selected to attempt that terrible assault, impossible to any but chosen veterans. The result was that the doomed blacks, mowed down by the enfilading fire, became bewildered and utterly demoralized, scarce knowing which way to run to escape destruction. In the language of the dispatch: "They seemed to be without anyone to manage them, and finally they fell back to the rear, out of the range of the volleys of canister and musketry that were plowing through their ranks." Why is it that *they* were made a forlorn hope, to storm a position that the Commanding General must have known to be inaccessible, except to the most unflinching valor and the most complete organization? If it was because the chance of victory was so desperate that the employment of white troops would be too costly of valuable material, we, who do not profess to be negro-worshippers, pity them nevertheless for the terrible uses to which they are put. Had it not been abundantly proven upon other fields that black troops are not to be trusted in a military crisis, it might be supposed that the post of danger was given them out of pure love to prove their title to consideration as the Bayards and Sydneys of the age. But in view of their military antecedents, we can only understand that they were pushed forward to be butchered that better soldiers might be spared. That may be good for the white soldiers, but, alas! the poor negro.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

WHAT NIGGER FREEDOM COSTS.—Some years ago the Abolitionists started a crusade, as friends of humanity, to free the niggers, and their agitation of that subject brought on the present war. This war to free the niggers has now raged relentlessly for three years, and what is the result? There were at the commencement four millions of niggers in slavery. It is estimated that the war has made one million free. But even all of this million have not been able to stand the ordeal of their passage from slavery to freedom. Two or three hundred thousand have perished meanwhile by famine, disease and bullets. But say that in round numbers one-quarter of the niggers have been made free, what has it cost us, as friends of humanity, to free this million? North and South together have paid well for it; for in the armies of both sections there have been killed or disabled, or have died, not less than one million white men—a fair balance, man for man. A white man dies for every nigger that is made free. But this is not all. The debts of both sections make up the round sum of five thousand millions of dollars. Thus for every nigger that has been made free, in obedience to the clamors of the friends of humanity, the whole country has given five thousand dollars and the life of one white man. At this rate what will be left of us when we have made free the whole four million? Will it not be like the Kilkenny cat fight? Will there be any more left than the tails?—*Bennett's Herald.*

HOW MUCH IT HAS COST TO MAKE WENDELL PHILLIPS HAPPY.—More than half a million niggers who, three years ago, were fed by planters on hog and hominy are now fed by the United States on hard tack and salt horse. To bring about this change in the condition of these niggers it has cost the United States about five thousand dollars and the life of one white man per nigger. Has the change in the condition of the niggers been of any advantage to them commensurate with this price? No. No one can pretend that the sable wretches were not in all respects better as they were. But we have gained one great point by this change—we have made Wendell Phillips happy. Another great point gained is that we have satisfied Garrison, Greeley, and Exeter Hall. Can a free people desire to barter national prosperity for a nobler purpose than this? Northern and Southern men, to the number of a million—the first choice and very flower of the race—have fallen in battle or have died more horribly in hospitals, and the nation is nearly broken down with financial embarrassments, and all this has been done to make some hundreds of thousands of niggers even more wretched than they were—and to make Wendell Phillips happy. Has any one the impudence to complain that this is a very large price for a very little whistle? Send him to Fort Lafayette.—*Bennett's Herald.*

THE latest novelty is a negro newspaper correspondent. The Philadelpha *Press* has sent a veritable darky scribe to the Army of the Potomac, with the credentials of its editors. He was received with all the honors by Gen. Butler, and permitted the run of the camp by permission of that officer. What new form will this negro mania take, we wonder?—*The World.*

Selections.

A VOICE OF SYMPATHY FROM SWITZERLAND.

The American Cause Abroad and Those who Support it.

From La Nation Suisse.

A MEETING, composed of eminent men of all parties, was held at Geneva on the 9th of July, in favor of the American Union and of measures taken by the government at Washington for the abolition of slavery.

Long before the hour fixed for the opening of the meeting, the crowd pressed into the immense and beautiful hall of the electorial building designated as the place of assembly.

Being invited by the committee to preside over the meeting, Mr. Henry Fazy mounted the tribune.

He thanked the assemblage for having responded with promptitude and in such numbers to the call which had been made upon it. After having adverted to the subject, he gave the floor to Mr. Jas. Fazy.

Mr. James Fazy was welcomed to the tribune by a long and continued applause. When silence was reëstablished, Mr. Jas. Fazy expressed himself in these terms:

SIRS: As the only republican people of Europe, it was our duty to publicly testify, in a popular assembly, our sympathy for the great cause of humanity which our brothers of the *Northern States of the American Union uphold.* They have long experienced shame in seeing that slavery overshadowed their liberty, and with all the circumspection which the Constitution demanded of them, they decided to have recourse to the greatest sacrifice to cause the disappearance of that stain. Certainly, I do not mean in any manner to assail the patriotism of the Southern States. They also contributed to found *American Independence;* they were great! Why was it that, in the midst of their greatness, they forgot that human nature must never be attacked; that every race, be it white, or yellow, or black, has equal rights to that inalienable blessing to each—freedom? Slavery would, little by little, have brought about the degradation of America, if an end had not been put to it. Unhappily, pacific means for healing this wound were rejected, and this question became gradually so amplificated as to give birth to civil war. This truth has been wished to be denied. It has been said it is not slavery merely, that is at stake in the war of the Republic for the Union; that it is rather the question of tariffs. That is a pretext. Slavery, slavery only, is the cause of the strife, because the Republicans, or Northern party, wished to abolish it, it is in this aspect that we, Swiss Republicans, ought to look upon events. Two camps are actually formed in the great Republic on the other side of the ocean. On one side is found the North, or Federal party, which fights for the maintenance of the Union and the suppression of slavery. On the other is found the South. It would break the Federal compact; it would separate, that in the States slavery may be maintained. It is, therefore, to the North that our sympathies are due. We owed it to them on many considerations. When it was said to us, the Republic cannot live, it is predestined to jeopardy, we replied, as proof to the contrary, by pointing to America, and it was instantly rejoined by indicating to us the hideous institution of slavery. Henceforth that can no longer be. The loyal citizens of the United States are at work to efface it, and they will efface it (prolonged cheers). It is not by millions that the American Chambers vote the expenditures for defending the cause of humanity, but it is by thousands of millions. It is not by hundreds that the volunteers range under the Star Spangled Banner to compel respect for the integrity of the Union, but by thousands, and this republican army now reckons a million of free soldiers. All these sacrifices are made with that greatness of soul which characterizes that chivalric nation. And if as many more were needed to-morrow, they will be supplied in like manner. By these sacrifices, by the gigantic proportions which they give to the contest, the United States shows to nations how to act in moments of difficulty; how a people find, when it is needful, means necessary for defence. At the moment the strife broke out, the States faithful to the Union had no army, no navy, nor even arsenals; and now they have immense power of action. They have proportioned them to the greatness of the cause of humanity, for which they combat. At what epoch, in what century, have we seen such giant battles? When have monarchies, in their contests, been able to attain results so imposing? This strife, at least, will not be unproductive. It will contribute to the liberty of the whole world. The military resources of the United States have had liberty as their cause. It is for liberty that they will serve. Be convinced, the great American Republic will not close its eyes to the light—it will not abdicate its mission. The great Eagle of the United States is awakened. It is there in its strength. Let its destruction be attempted. All the arrayed cannon of ancient Europe would effect nothing. It would be, in comparison, lillipu tian. The orator cast a rapid glance over affairs in Mexico. His remarks were several times interrupted by cheers.

Mr. James Fazy then touched on Swiss affairs, and showed that there was a time when it might have been hoped not to be menaced by European Powers. That time is no more. He finished by expressing the conviction that at no distant day oppressed nations would everywhere count upon assistance from America. It is in this sense, said Mr. Fazy, in closing, that I cheer the Republic of the United States—the cause of the North, striving against the South—the cause of America, the cause of the North. Long after the orator left the tribune, applauses still reëchoed.

The President of the meeting called upon Mr. Adolphe Catalan. We regret that the number of speeches, and the necessity for analyzing all in the same report, compels us to abridge the glowing language of the orator.]

Mr. Catalan said: By the eminent orator who had already spoken the question was fully elucidated, and the task of other orators was abridged. The orator then proceeded to show up the odiousness of slavery. He thought all hearts in this assemblage beat in unison. As a member of the committee which called the meeting, he announced that a draft of an address had been prepared to be forwarded to the people of the United States. This draft would be submitted for popular assent. If accepted, it would be sent to the Consul of the United States of America, with the request to lay it before the government at Washington.

These remarks were welcomed by applause.

The next call was made on Mr. Serment, Advocate.

Mr. Serment opened by showing astonishment that every citizen of Geneva did not feel a sentiment of admiration for a people on the other side of the ocean who are fighting battles for the abolition of slavery. In coming to participate in the meeting, said the orator, I had not considered that the citizens who took the initiative in getting it up belonged to a political complexion different from mine. I came because this meeting has all my sympathies, because all local opinions can and ought to meet on this ground to proclaim the eternal principles which are the salvation of the people and of humanity.

I avow, said Mr. Serment [while looking to the benches of the committee], I avow that I feel somewhat jealous not to see among the citizens composing the committee on the meeting any from my political side, but I don't think that a reason for holding back (marks of applause).

[*Note* 1.—This remark caused the more sensation because *The Journal*, of Geneva, requested to insert the call for the anti-slavery meeting, absolutely closed its columns against it.]

Mr. Serment continued: When nearly four years ago Europe learned that the Republic of the United States had elected Mr. Abraham Lincoln as its President, it might be believed from all parts of the world a single outcry would raise—an outcry of sympathy, of felicitation and of encouragement for the Republican Abolitionists of slavery. That election (the election of Abraham Lincoln) was an event of the grandest humanitarian signification. It gave evidence that the trammel placed by some States in the Union in the way of the abolition of slavery would soon be broken. This emancipatory indication was not everywhere welcomed with like satisfaction. The voice of interest here and there smothered that of duty, and when civil war was entered upon by those very people who desired to maintain slavery, there were great powers who caused intervention to be apprehended in the United States. Such are, more or less, openly manifested in favor of the slave States; the like sympathies with those quite recently exhibited in the affair of the *Alabama*, the pirate conquered in a fair fight (applause). In opposition to these pro-slavery manifestations, I unite, gentlemen, with the abolition manifestation for which the people of Geneva have been called together. The orator condemned the efforts of that party which would excuse slavery by denying that slaves are as unhappy as they are said to be because their masters are not inhuman. To admit this argument would be to admit voluntary slavery; but the latter is more disgraceful than enforced slavery. Mr. Serment closed by proving that the Northern States have respected the lawfulness of things, and if they have replied to violence with violence, if they have engaged in a civil war, it has been after the exhaustion of all constitutional measures. He uttered a cheer for the patriots of the North, and assured them that they may reckon upon the wishes and sympathies of all lovers of liberty.

Mr. Alfred Trochin then spoke:

He remarked that in the midst of profound regret caused by the civil war in the United States, that civil war offers at least one great consolation, which is, that it takes place on account of slavery. This hideous plague-spot, which has survived the age of barbarism up to the Nineteenth Century, will be cured by fire and sword. The remedy is heroic. It should be, all attempts made by the North to bring the disease to a peaceful end having failed. In view of the contest which divides the American Union, said the orator, Switzerland cannot remain indifferent. I see with satisfaction that liberal Geneva shows herself on this occasion equal to her reputation. And from this lofty tribune, I declare unworthy of freedom those who do not arouse themselves in view of the bondage of others, as well as those who would reduce others to bondage. The orator remarked that it was debasing to humanity that men more or less white, or more or less black, should be traded off or sold to the highest bidder. He was convinced that this shame was about to end. He uttered words of glowing encouragement to those citizens of Switzerland who fight under the Star Spangled Banner. It would not be said of them, he exclaimed, that they are mercenaries. They fight for the cause of humanity.

Mr. Alfred Trochie spoke of the necessity of manifesting, in an address to the people of Washington, the sentiments of the people of Geneva, and recommended a committee to present the address, hoping it would be of a nature to be enthusiastically approved by every man.

Mr. Antoine Cartaret next spoke. He was welcomed by the plaudits of the assembly, and spoke nearly as follows:

CITIZENS: When the nations of ancient Europe sought to manifest their aspirations for liberty, they set before them the prosperity, the greatness of America, and at once it was rejoined—America counts three or four millions of slaves. When we Swiss Republicans wished to advance on the road without limit of progress and of liberty, and invoked the great and noble results attained by the free States of the American Union, it was still repeated that slavery stained the new world. Such is the use made in Europe of the servile institution of slavery, regarded as lawful in a part of the United States. The enemies of liberty on the European continent called upon slavery in America to repress and smother the generous impulses of Europe. Henceforth this will be no longer possible. The question of the abolition of slavery is formally settled. It is very close upon dissolution, and that will undoubtedly be reached. The heroic efforts, the immense sacrifices already made, and which will probably again be made by the people of the American Union, without being weakened thereby, give us this assurance. The logic of facts loudly proclaims that slavery is dead; the North will attain the noble object of their efforts. While this great act of justice and of separation is in progress, and fixes the attention of the world, what are they about who, to all efforts of the nations in the direction of Republican liberty, make without ceasing the objection of slavery in America? In place of uniting them with the sympathy and encouragements given by those who cite the United States as an example worthy to be followed, they take good care not to admit that their objection is removed. In place of encouraging the loyal soldiers of the Union in their humanitarian work, they keep a position which is that of complicity, or very like it, at least. There are, in old Europe, nations which look with anxious eyes upon events that are passing upon the other side of the ocean. They dread the abolition of slavery, and the maintenance of the Union. They fear that America may become united and at the same time completely free. For us Swiss, this cannot be so. Liberty has no fear of liberty. The efforts of the American people to extirpate slavery are a reason the more that they should have our sympathies. We know that this great nation will never be hostile either to humanity or the independence of nations less in number, and we will salute with enthusiasm the time when the Star Spangled Banner, symbol of Liberty and of Power, shall wave throughout the United States. Great nations, who establish their governments under federative forms, are never to be feared by others. This form of government is, perhaps, the only one which can secure to a nation the duration of democratic principles. The orator remarked that it was not for Europe to reproach the United States with the servile institution, because she carried it and contributed to establish it in the New World, and ended with glowing terms addressed to the Republicans of the Union: "Brothers of America, be victorious! Switzerland, the land of William Tell, applauds all your efforts to extinguish slavery. That will be a happy day for Helvetia when she learns that her sister, the great Republic of the Union, has forever destroyed slavery."

Mr. Philip Corsat was called to the tribune, and spoke thus:

CITIZENS: The grandeur of the cause for which we are assembled gains for it the sympathies of every man worthy of the name. There are none who do not experience the most painful feelings in view of the perfidious devices and more or less direct support given by European diplomacy to paralyze the efforts of the Federal army in their titanic struggle against slavery. All of us have at heart, and on our lips, a malediction against despots, and cry for justice in behalf of slaves. What is passing in the upper regions of politics causes deep apprehensions to hover over free nations, which no reassuring declarations can dissipate. Every free man is sensible that liberty is in peril. The pro-slavery men are not all in America. To the traffic in negroes, carried on in a small portion of the New World, Europe can oppose the traffic in white men. The two sorts of slavery mutually support each other. The orator shows the nations tyrannized over in Europe invoking aid, but entirely deserted at the moment when they should receive it. The government of the Union had come, at the greatest of sacrifices, to the rescue of the African race held in bondage in America.

He proposed a hurrah for its generous efforts—a cheer for liberty in the old and new world.

The President of the meeting presented himselt in the tribune and said:

SIRS: We have the pleasure and honor to have among us the Consul of the United States. We beg him to address a few words to you.

Hardly were the words uttered when enthusiastic plaudits and vivas burst from all parts of the hall.

These plaudits and vivas redoubled when the Consul of the United States, Mr. Charles Upton, reached the tribune.

These were the terms of the Consul's speech, which the stenographer has permitted us to copy:

GENTLEMEN AND CITIZENS OF GENEVA: I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the noble sentiments and the friendship you express for my government. We have rarely been so greeted in a foreign country. You appreciate, at its just value, the cost of liberty and the cost of our troubles. As for the great struggle which agitates our country, I will tell you, as was lately said by a member of Congress from Maryland, that "we will not give up, and success will crown our efforts." I have faith in the promises, patience and perseverance of the American people, and now that we have resolved to accept or victory or destruction, we will have victory (applause). If, in spite of this determination, we should fall, we will fall with honor. We will transmit, pure and intact, to future generations, the liberty that has been intrusted to us. The historian of our decline and fall, contemplating the wreck of the last of the "Great Republic," and drawing from it instructive lessons on the depravity of man, will shed tears on recounting with what vain heroism this nation will have sacrificed all for the cause of liberty without saving it; but its worship will be kept up in the hearts of all, until fresh generations resume the task of those who shall have passed away. Yes, were it possible we could fall, our last hour would not be stained with weakness. If we must fall we will stand firm amid the crash and downfall of the Republic, and we will bury ourselves in its ruin. History will note that men lived in the nineteenth century worthy of a better fate, but whom God has stricken for the sins of their fathers; in such event the ruins of the Republic will bear witness of our greatness and heroism. Liberty, dethroned and abandoned, will seat herself on those ruins, and will say to the world, I have borne children and raised them, and they have rebelled against me. I repeat, gentlemen, I thank you in the name of my country for your sympathy for her. Your Swiss voices will add strength to our American arms.

Mr. J. Becker was invited to the tribune, and made a speech in German, in substance as follows:

REPUBLICANS: Every man ought to be a Republican—ought to consider himself a son of William Tell. Republics ought to sympathize with and aid each other in the hour of danger. Honor to you who comprehended this solidarity. Honor to those a favor, brothers of our sons who are in the army of the United States and seal with their blood the great principle of republican solidarity. Twenty years ago, when in Germany, in France, in Italy, Switzerland was talked of, we were asked, what do you expect from a Republic whose children, abandoning their country of liberty, went abroad to sustain thrones? That is so no more, for our honor; and the stain which might have rested on the Swiss name is mostly washed away and effaced by the blood of Swiss Republicans who have died for the American Union, and so aided in the destruction of slavery (applause). The orator estimated the imposing situation of the Union after its victory over the pro-slavery people; speaks of Mexico, and offers a prayer for the complete realization of the republican system.

A citizen of the United States, Mr. Lombard, was called to the tribune. He reviewed what had been said by the preceding orators on the solidarity which should exist between Republics. He took a text from these counsels to prove that between the pro-slavery parties of all countries there existed a thorough solidarity which manifested itself everywhere, and on every occasion. He cited the loans made in Europe to the pro-slavery party, the privateers which have been built and are now building in European ports, and the sympathizing manifestations of which these pirates are the objects, who, returning from skimming the seas, from plundering and burning vessels weaker than theirs, in place of being cast into prison on their arrival in Europe, receive swords of honor. The orator enumerated the disastrous consequences resulting to liberty from the civil war long before prepared for and provoked and begun by the slaveholders, without other purposes than that of making everlasting the Slavery of a part of the human kind. He grouped these consequences under four different heads: The destruction of the Republic at St. Domingo; the enthroning of an Austrian Prince in Mexico; the menaces of Spain against Peru; the dangers which hover over the South American Republics. By all these acts the Monroe doctrine is manifestly violated. Europe, which had no business with us, has come there in arms. Let not pro-slavery Europe be astonished if, in its turn, America should claim the right to interfere in the Old World. By just reciprocity the right henceforth belongs to the Union when slavery becomes subdued. The United States, purified by sword and fire, will be more powerful than ever, and their two millions of soldiers will not remain unmoved spectators of the crushing oppression of free nations. If needed, the Star Spangled Banner will cross the ocean, will wave at the foot of the Alps, in aid of the independence of this corner of the earth, small in space, but great in spirit—Switzerland. In the name of some Americans here present, said the orator, in closing, I bear witness to you of our deep gratitude for your impressive demonstration. We offer vows for the maintenance of your liberty. We express the hope that the calamity which now strikes at the Union will ever be spared to Switzerland.

After warm applause, the President read the draft of the address prepared by the committee to be sent to the people of the United States, which draft is as follows:

PEOPLE OF THE AMERICAN UNION: The people of Geneva, in meeting assembled at the Electoral Hall, address to the people of the Union brotherly greeting and testimonials of their lively sympathy.

The events which are happening in the bosom of the Great Republic of the Union have not found the people of Geneva indifferent. It is with painful sentiments that they have witnessed the violation of the Federal compact by some States. It is with grief they have seen States forget that federative unity is proclaimed by the Constitution; that such unity was recommended and maintained by the first Presidents of the Union—the immortal Washington, thrice elected President, 1789, 1793, 1797; Thomas Jefferson, twice elected President, 1801, 1809, etc.

The people of Geneva offer the most ardent prayers that, inspired solely by patriotic thoughts, the States still in revolt may range themselves ever under the Star Spangled Banner of the Union. The people of Geneva, with all their wishes, forward this movement, because thenceforth liberty will be triumphant without distinction of race, at the North as at the South.

The citizens of Geneva recognize that strict solidarity exists between free people; that one of them cannot suffer without the others experiencing a sad counter blow. Convinced of this truth, in the presence of the civil war which facilitates the projects of the enemies of the American Republic, they believe it to be their duty to give expression to a fraternal word of encouragement to republicans on the other side of the ocean.

People of the United States, the only Republic of Europe, Helvetia, has had also her moments of intestine strife and attempts at separation. She has come forth triumphantly from these trials. She has come forth stronger, more united than before. Those of our cantons which formerly wished to separate, would now rise without distinction to uphold the Federal compact. It will be the same with the American Union. The Southern States will comprehend that the safeguard of their independence and of their prosperity is to be found in the Constitution—in liberty.

People of the Union! Soldiers of the entirety of the country! Courage and constancy. You have our sympathies, because in defending the Union you also defend liberty. You abolish an odious and crying shame of a part of the United States—slavery.

The violation of the Federal Constitution by some States of the Union has caused to the people of Geneva a sentiment the more painful because nothing justified that violation. No wrong can be alleged by the secessionists either against the Federal government or against other authorities. The determination to destroy the Federal compact of Union is explicable only by the wish to maintain slavery, by the determination to make that essential to the form of government.

This scheme, we truly hope, will not be realized, but were it so, we think that only European governments, and with stronger reason, free Switzerland, would not abase itself by acknowledging a power based upon slavery. People of the Union! The citizens of Geneva assembled in meeting to address to you their felicitations on the aim you pursue to maintain the Constitution inviolate and to destroy slavery.

The struggle has commenced between the two principles—Liberty and Slavery.

The consignee of victory must be the abolition of slavery forever and everywhere.

Hail Liberty! Hail Republic of the United States!

COMMITTEE ON THE MEETING.

James Fazy,	Hert Fazy,
H. Vancher,	M. Lombard,
J. Diday,	Herm. Hug,
J. C. Ducommun,	L. Pittara,
M. Schwarm,	Degrange Guerie,
Adolph Catalan,	Moise Piquot,
Ch. Vogt,	Mase Vautier,
J. L. Dufour,	Pierre Senechand,
Mier Becker.	

The draft of the address being put to vote, was adopted by acclamation.

The President of the meeting announced that it would be sent to the Consul of the United States, with the request to transmit it to Washington.

The meeting closed, and an immense escort formed before the Electoral Hall. Preceded by the Federal banners—Swiss and American—it took up its march, lighted by torches, along Rhone street, where the Consular office is situated. On arriving at the Consulate, a hurrah for the Union and the abolition of slavery was given by the crowd, a national song was chanted, and the crowd dispersed after a few words from the Consul of the United States, who, on the approach of the people, hoisted his flag.

The meeting, in all respects, furnished evidence of the lively sympathies of the Geneva population with the maintenance of the Union and the abolition of slavery. The number of people who, from 8 to 10 o'clock at night, flocked to the Electoral Hall may be estimated at 4,000. From the beginning to the end the tribune was constantly surrounded by 3,000 people.

REPLY OF MR. SEWARD.

The government having been officially advised of the meeting held at Geneva, Switzerland, on the 9th of July, at which the foregoing address was adopted, the Secretary of State has responded as follows:

To the People of Geneva:

I have received from the American Consul, who resides at Geneva, and have laid before the President, your fervent, eloquent and most fraternal address to the people of the United States. By his command, I give you thanks, in the name of all my countrymen, for the timely and appropriate words of sympathy and friendship which you have spoken. Your address adds strength to the already strong claim which binds the first Federal Republic of America to the oldest and foremost Federal Republic of Europe. The people of Switzerland may rest assured, whoever else may fail, that it will not be the people of the United States which will betray the republican system to foreign enemies, or surrender it to domestic faction. With ardent prayers for the preservation of the Constitution, the freedom and the prosperity of Switzerland, I have the honor to remain, citizens, your most obedient and sincere friend.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

STATE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, July 30, 1864.

THE FATE OF ANTI-SLAVERY MEN IN THE SOUTH.

THE utterance of anti-slavery sentiments has long since been made a capital crime in the slave States, and, so far as the influence of the slaveholding aristocracy extends, no public organ would dare to commit such an offense. If a few scattered congregations of anti-slavery denominations, such as Friends and Tunkers, have been allowed to remain among the rebels, they are indebted for this act of toleration to their non-resistance principles.

But even they, it seems, are no longer safe. We learn from The Rockingham *Register* that Elder John Kline, an aged Tunker preacher in Rockingham County, Va., a man of standing and great influence in his church, has been assassinated solely for being a good anti-slavery Unionist. The Rockingham *Register* remarks:

"The Rev. John Kline of Linvill's Creek, in this County, an aged Tunker preacher of considerable prominence, and a man of great influence with, and in his Church, was shot and killed near his residence about 11 o'clock, on Wednesday morning of last week (15th June). He had gone to a neighbor's in the direction of Turleytown, we learn, to clean a clock, and was on his return when the tragedy occurred. He was shot in the groin and breast with four balls, and is supposed to have been instantly killed. He had some money and his watch on his person when he was killed—these were not disturbed by the party by whom he was slain.

"He was known as an uncompromising Union man, and during the early part of the war had been arrested by order of Gen. Jackson for disloyalty. He had, however, been honorably acquitted, and was pursuing "the even tenor of his way," passing frequently by permission of our authorities within the Yankee lines to preach and hold other religious services. He was a man of the strictest integrity in his business transactions, and was highly esteemed in his Church, whose membership will mourn his death as the removal of one of the pillars of the Church. The motives which induced some assassins to waylay and kill him will probably be never fully known and understood; but the cause of his death doubtless had some connection with the troubles that now afflict the country, occupying, as he was believed to do, a position of antagonism in feeling to the Confederacy. While our people differed with Mr. Kline in the erroneous views which he entertained, yet all good citizens must deplore such a lawless wreaking of vengeance upon the person of an unarmed and feeble old man. Such things show how rapidly we are drifting into scenes which must be full of terror to us all."—*Tribune.*

COLOR AND CARS IN PHILADELPHIA.

SOME weeks ago (says the N. Y. *Tribune*) we had the pleasure of riding on one of the street cars of Philadelphia in company with an eminent and estimable clergyman of good abilities and spotless character; but were obliged to stand on the front platform—"niggers" not being allowed in these cars. The last *Episcopal Recorder* of that city contains the following:

TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC OF PHILADELPHIA.—Within the past week, my only living child having been at death's door, by our physician we were directed to take him over the Delaware river as often as convenient. On our return to the Philadelphia side, on one occasion, the child became completely prostrated. I held my ear to his mouth three several times to ascertain whether he was still alive. Such a deathlike appearance came over him, I felt the necessity of reaching home as soon as possible, and to my satisfaction (for the time being), I saw one of the Lombard and South street cars approaching, which I hailed, and was in the act of entering, when the conductor arrested my progress by informing me that I could not enter—*being colored.* I referred him to the condition of my child, but all to no purpose; he ordered the driver to go on, regardless of our humble plea. Spontaneously I said, "I was born and raised in the South, and have travelled over a large part of the United States; and here I must confess, that never before have I met with a barbarity so satanical and heathenish in its character!" Had the car been overloaded, that would have been excuse sufficient; but the fact of the case is, that the only persons on the car referred to were the conductor and the driver.

In the face of these facts, we ask the Christian public of Philadelphia, can you look on in silence, and see respectable colored citizens excluded from the privilege of availing themselves of the *public* facilities for going from one extreme of the city to the other? We ask, where is the superiority of Philadelphia over New York city? Yet the latter has opened all of her railroad lines to the public, irrespective of caste.

Is it manly to exclude respectable colored citizens from the Lombard and South street cars, when they pay taxes for real estate owned by them on this line to the value of over $100,000? Is it humane to exclude respectable colored citizens from your street cars, when so many of our brave and vigorous young men have been and are enlisting, to take part in this heaven-ordained *slavery extermination*, many of whom have performed commendable service in our army and navy—in the former of which your humble subscriber has two brawny-armed and battle-tried brothers? Finally, we ask, is it in accordance with Christian civilization to thrust out of your street car the dying child of an humble servant of Christ, in whose congregation there exists an active auxiliary to the Pennsylvania branch of the Women's Sanitary Committee of the United States?

We beg you to remember the words of Him by whom soon you and I are to be judged, when, seeming to meet and correct cases like that under consideration, He said: "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

WM. JOHNSON ALSTON,
Rector of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church.
Philadelphia, July 19, 1864.

CONCERNING "GOVERNOR" HAHN.

L. MADISON DAY and J. Q. A. Fellows, two citizens of New Orleans, have addressed a letter to President Lincoln, in which they make public and prove by documents the fact that Michael Hahn, at present Military Governor of Louisiana, held and exercised the office of Notary Public in New Orleans during the rebel occupation of that place and under the rebel authority. They further call Mr. Lincoln's attention to the fact that by statute of the United States (12 U. S. Stat., 502–3) it is provided that every person, before he enters upon the discharge of the duties of any office under the United States, shall take and subscribe an oath, a material part of which is as follows: "That I have neither sought, nor accepted, nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States." It is also further provided in said act, that if any person shall swear falsely under the same, he shall be deemed guilty of wilful and corrupt *perjury*, and liable to be punished accordingly.

They say: "It was the evident intention of Congress in passing and of yourself in approving the act, to exclude all men from office who could not take the oath aforesaid with a clear conscience. And it was also the intention of Congress and yourself, that if unscrupulous persons did take the aforesaid oath they should be subjected to all the pains and penalties of wilful and corrupt perjury."

They quote at length a certificate of the sale of a slave made on the 8th of April, 1862, to which Mr. Hahn certified in the following terms:

"Thus done and passed, in my Notarial Office, at the city of New Orleans, in the presence of Chas. Geo. Eckhart and W. H. Barremone, witnesses of lawful age and domiciliated in this city, who hereunto sign their names with the parties, and me, the said Notary.

Original signed:
"Chas. G. Eckhart, O. Anfoux,
"W. H. Barremone, Thos. H. Lee,
"MICHAEL HAHN, Notary Public.
"[L. S.] A true copy.
"MICHAEL HAHN, Notary Public."

They add a certificate of Mr. Hahn's oath, on accepting the office of Prize Commissioner in July, 1863, swearing: "I have voluntarily given no aid, countenance, counsel or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto; that I have neither sought nor accepted, nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever, under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States; that I have not yielded a voluntary support to any pretended government, authority, power or constitution within the United States, hostile or inimical thereto."

They demand that for this act of perjury, as they declare it to be, Mr. Hahn shall be punished.—*Eve. Post.*

JUDGE BETWEEN THEM.—William Sawyer, a colored man, and one of our subscribers, who lives near Farmland, in this County, has five sons in the Union army. Two of them are in Massachusetts regiments before Charleston, two are in the colored battalions at Indianapolis, and one is in the 5th Indiana Cavalry. This is the amount of his contribution to his country's cause. But he has other children, two or three little boys, whom he is trying to educate, because he thinks "knowledge makes the man." These boys he sent to the public school in his district at the beginning of the Winter term, and the little fellows were learning finely. But they were not permitted to remain very long at the fountain of knowledge. Somebody in the district thought "niggers ought to be kept to themselves," and opposed their being permitted to attend school with his children. Favored by a provision in our laws which is an insult to civilization, and a most humiliating disgrace to the people of our State, he succeeded in his efforts, and the little boys were ejected from the school!

The mere statement of these facts is more forcible than any comment that we could make, but we wish people to judge whether the real interests of the country are advanced by the spirit and actions of men of this class. For ourselves, we have long been quite clear in our opinion of one point connected with this subject. We have no prejudice against white men, but we believe that a loyal negro is, by infinite measure, the superior of any white man who does not believe that all men in America ought to be free. —*Randolph Co. (Ind.) Journal.*

THE NEGROES' JUBILEE.—It was publicly announced on Wednesday afternoon that the use of the grounds of the President's Mansion had been granted to the negroes on the day appointed for national humiliation and prayer, "for a demonstration of the appreciation of the colored people of the much-desired and highly appreciated privileges they are permitted to enjoy since the freeing of the slaves and abolishing of the black laws of the District of Columbia." We learn from the editorial columns of *The Chronicle* that this was a prominent feature of the day's exercises. The assemblage of "colored people" within the President's grounds, it says, "was swollen to a size of sufficient magnitude to well fill the ample allotment which they had received permission to monopolize. Inside the grounds a platform was erected, on which accommodations were made for the speakers. Around this benches were placed, which, during the most part of the day, were not only well filled but crowded. Meanwhile groups reposed under every tree, or walked to and fro along the shaded paths. The thick-leaved trees that filled these grounds rained down a shower of shade. From these were suspended swings, of which not only the children, but the grown folk too, made abundant use. Every contrivance, indeed, that could add to the pleasure of the time was brought into energetic requisition. Outside the grounds the scene was almost as animated and diversified as within. Along the line of the black railings, and reposing on the stone enclosure, were colored men, women, and children, who, having heard enough preaching and addressing perhaps, had come out there to patronize the stands on which were set forth lemonade and other refreshments. Ardent as the desire was among these colored people to religiously observe the day, they yet contrived to render a considerable amount of amusement not inconsistent with the religious programme. This programme was devoutly carried out as fully as the exigencies which inevitably arise on such occasions would permit."

THE EMANCIPATED NEGROES IN SURINAM.

OUR readers will remember that last year, by a decree of the government of Holland, slavery was forever abolished in the Dutch colony of Surinam, in South America. There were many pro-slavery papers in the United States which at that time took the utmost pains to represent this emancipation movement as detrimental both to the interests of the colony and to the moral condition of the negro. Correspondents of some of them asserted that the day of emancipation had been generally spent by the negroes in drunkenness, and they confidently predicted that a general demoralization of that class would be the next consequence. Whether any of these letters really proceeded from any competent authority is very doubtful, as the accounts which have been rendered to the government of Holland by the officers of the colony are highly favorable to the negroes. The reports furnished by the Moravian missionaries of Surinam agree with the government reports, and the testimony of these people is the more valuable as they have known the negroes while slaves better than any other class of men, and have converted most of them to Christianity. One of these missiona-

ries, the Rev. T. VanCalker, the superintendent of the mission work in Surinam, makes the following highly interesting statements on the present condition of the negroes:

"The emancipation of the negro slaves," he writes, "has now been fully carried out according to the law of August 8, 1862, and all has gone off better than we had expected. The first of October, too, the time appointed for concluding all contracts between the masters and negroes, has passed without bringing any trouble. Up to the end of September there were many estates, particularly on the Commewyne, where no contracts had been made; but previous to the fixed period all was in order there, as had been the case for some time on the Surinam. As soon as the authorities set about acting up to the published decree, on the expiration of the fixed time, viz: removing the negroes to the crown plantations in cases where no contracts had been made, there was such a haste manifested to comply with the demands of government, that the Commissioners of the district could hardly get through the work. Now, in the middle of October, there are few negroes who have to be employed by the authorities, though there may possibly still be some wandering about without any employment.

"The negroes have not all remained on the same plantations where they had lived as slaves. Many have returned to plantations where they had been located before, or have taken service elsewhere. Many, too, have left the sugar plantations, preferring the lighter work in coffee or cotton grounds, so that the production of sugar appears to have decreased. But, in general, no noticeable change has taken place in the colony with regard to its marketable productions The negroes have remained at their old work, and the cultivation of the plantations continues as before.

"Of course, this state of things has not been attended to without some difficulties, but they were less formidable than had been anticipated. If the law of August 3, 1862, had allowed but one month instead of three for concluding all contracts, and the planters had taken advantage immediately of the good spirit shown by the negroes—and if the law of April 16, 1863, relating to the duties and privileges of those emancipated negroes who were to be placed under direct government control, had been published in the Negro-English language, all would have gone off smoothly. The negroes appear satisfied with the contracts. All are concluded for the space of one year only, so that the question arises in our minds as to how matters will stand next year. All must depend on this year's experience on the part of employer and employed; but we have reason to believe that all will go well. Our hopes have not been put to shame thus far. We will therefore leave the future, with trustful hearts, in His hands, who has wrought wonders in Surinam."

We have not yet met a single trustworthy statement which would in the least impair the weight of this testimony.—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

INSTINCTIVE AFFINITIES.

WE print this week the interesting proceedings of the friends of American liberty and independence in Switzerland, which we are sure our readers will not overlook. Their words have a sound of cheer, coming from the region of "the Alpine mountains cold," so long the fastnesses of European freedom and the last refuge of Republican government on the old continent. All true lovers of universal liberty, and all believers in the capacity of man to take care of himself, will respond cordially to those generous sentiments, as they do to all that come to us from the elder world. It is well for us that there should be such an occasional reminder that the life has not been crushed out of all the souls there by the superincumbent weight of hereditary despotism, of class prejudices and of the alarmed jealousies of the privileged orders. Happily, truth is never left without witness, anywhere, and this is an authentic prophecy that she will at last mightily and gloriously prevail.

It is interesting to consider how sure a test our rebellion has been for the trying of spirits, all over the civilized world. It has been a touchstone to separate the gold from the dross, the precious from the vile, as well in the Old World as in the New. As all that is servile and base in spirit, among ourselves, instinctively gravitated at once, in soul if not in the flesh, to the side of the slaveholders, so did the instincts of the European aristocrat and of his shadow the snob lead them to range themselves in line with the same vile company. "A fellow-feeling made them wondrous kind" to the men who had deluged a continent in blood in order that they might spread their woman-whipping and child-stealing oligarchy wherever the laws of climate would suffer it to go. In England we have seen the most distinctly the workings of this leaven. It has leavened nearly the whole lump of the governing class, and nothing but its coward fears of the ruin that might avenge such an act has hindered it from changing its words of sympathy and encouragement into acts of armed interposition. But even there the great governed masses felt with an equally unerring instinct, that it was the Battle of Labor that we were fighting against privilege and usurpation, and that the victory or the defeat would be as truly theirs as our own. And as it has been in the step-Mother country, so has it been everywhere on the continent. They who had privileges to maintain perceived that they had a common cause with those who were fighting to maintain the privilege of buying and selling their fellow-men, while those who had rights to win discerned that their interests were bound up with those who were striving to overthrow that ghastly tyranny and restore the humblest of the race to their natural rights again.

And both parties are in the right. The million of men, women and children, who have a vested interest in the present state of things in England, and who wish to put off as long as possible the day of account which is sure to arrive, are altogether wise in their generation in what they are doing in behalf of the slave-breeders. The triumph of our rebels will be their triumph and will give them a new lease of their prerogative of minority rule. The existence of slavery, indeed, has been a God-send—or, more properly, a *devil*-send—to all the privilege-mongers, crowned, titled or estated, all over Europe. It damaged the *prestige* of Republicanism, and that justly, and prevented our example of such self-government as it left to us having its due effect. The hopeful and progressive minds of Europe were chilled and checked in their enthusiasm for free institutions, when they saw with what frightful abuses of tyranny they were united in America. And this was especially the case in England, where a common language made the facts of our history better known. Profound as the general ignorance of all classes in England was and is about us, there was one fact that everybody knew by heart, from the highest to the lowest, and that was, that one-sixth of the inhabitants were bought and sold like cattle, and treated with cruelties and subjected to infamies beyond the lot of the beasts that perish, while, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "the loudest *yelps* for liberty were heard from the drivers of slaves!"

As long as the existence of slavery in the United States was only damaging to the character of Republican institutions the ruling classes in England and on the continent were swift enough to denounce it, while the classes born to be governed cursed it more sincerely as one of the greatest among the many obstacles to their hopes of a better state of things. But when the slaveholders took up arms for the safety and prosperity of their fatal system, the complexion of feeling was changed at once, and that with both classes. The one class saw in the conflict the "bursting of the Republican bubble," as some orator called it in Parliament, while the other beheld in it the death-grapple of Liberty with Slavery, the common enemy of mankind, the conflict of Michael with Satan, of which the result, though it might seem to hang dubious in the scale, could but be the victory of the Right. And it is curious how instinctively they perceived this truth, even while our own champions were bellowing that it was nothing of the kind and doing their best to stay the irresistible and escape the inevitable. Both sides felt that Slavery was the only point at issue, the one cause of quarrel, and that its supremacy or its destruction must be settled by the ending of this war. The first would breathe new life into the inveterate abuses of the Old World, while the latter would be a prognostic of their speedy overthrow.

But Slavery has done much more than injure the character of Republican institutions abroad. It has not merely brought them shame and dishonor, but infinite loss, into the bargain. The immense resources which the war has developed have astonished the world, and none more than ourselves; but what are they compared to what they would have been had the soil been cursed by the footstep of no slave? If the richest portion of the national domain, watered by the most magnificent rivers and its coast indented with the finest harbors in the world, had been freely open to the energies of free labor for the last eighty years, how incalculable would have been the wealth extorted from it by that potent magic! Though incalculable, an approximation can be had through the contemplation of what free labor has done in the comparatively sterile and inhospitable regions of the North and West. The immense drain of men and money has been met with no appreciable diminution of the production, natural and manufactured, of those States. What would not the riches and strength of the Nation have been now had it not had the consuming plague and eating cancer of Slavery gnawing at its heart all its life? The United States would have been the richest and most powerful Nation the world has seen since the fall of the Roman Empire, and its fair example and beneficent influences would have been felt modifying and changing all the mischiefs of old misgovernments. The friends of freedom and of progress have good reason to hate Slavery and their enemies to love it, even as they do.

It is for such a beneficent power and prosperity that the Nation is fighting at this moment. Not a power built up on the humiliation of other nations and a prosperity purchased at their expense, but a power for the elevation of all mankind to a higher plane of civilization and a prosperity that shall be shared by all the world. It is a just and true affinity that binds all generous spirits, who long for a better state of things, the genuine friends of progress and of liberty throughout the world, in sympathy with the United States. This rebellion has risen not merely against the lawful authority of the Republic, it is in arms against the hopes and the chances of all struggling Nationalities and down-trodden individuals. The oppressed everywhere should feel a sympathy in our struggle, for they will all have a share in its consequences, for good or for evil, according as the Right or the Wrong prevails. The Rebellion crushed, the power of a Republic will be seen of all men—a power greater than any monarchy of modern times has ever possessed. The interval of depression and confusion which may ensue at the South passed away, the influx of emigration and the inspiration of free institutions, the energies of free labor and the stimulus of capital, will restore the Nation to a height of strength and prosperity never dreamed of yet. And then the Imperial Republic will repay all the good-will and the good services of her well-wishers in other lands, by the sympathy and help she will extend to them in their strivings after a true political freedom, and the higher material prosperity that will flow from it.

THE WADE AND DAVIS PROTEST.

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, Aug. 8, 1864.

Hons. B. F. WADE *and* H. WINTER DAVIS—*Gentlemen:* I have read your Protest. It is a strongly-reasoned and instructive paper. Nevertheless I regret its appearance. For it will serve to reduce the public good-will toward Mr. Lincoln; and that is what, just at this time, the public interest cannot afford. It may turn out that Mr. Lincoln is the man for whom it will be vital to the national existence to cast the largest possible vote. Personally he may not be more worthy of it than Mr. Fremont, or Mr. Chase, or some other man, who may be nominated. But if, as the election draws near, it shall be seen that he will probably get a larger vote than any other candidate of the uncompromising opponents of the rebellion, then it will be the absolute duty of every one of them to vote for him. The election of a man who would consent to anything short of the unconditional surrender of those, who, without even the slightest cause of complaint, have made war upon us, would not only be the ruin of our nation, but it would be also the base betrayal of that sacred cause of nationality, which they of one nation owe it to those of every other nation, the earth over, to cherish and maintain. But no such consequence, nor any other fatal consequence, would there be, should a loyal man of whatever faults be elected—a man who, because he is loyal, would in no event fail to insist on the absolute submission of those who had causelessly rebelled against their country. Hence, though it may be at the expense of passing by our favorite candidate, we should nevertheless all feel ourselves urged by the strongest possible motives to cast our votes just where they will be like to contribute most to defeat the compromising or sham Peace candidate.

Mr. Lincoln, although an able, honest, patriotic man, has fallen into grave errors. But who, in his perplexing circumstances, would have been exempt from them? He has depended too largely on the policy of conciliation. He has made too much account of pleasing Border States and Peace Democrats. But in all this he has sought not his own advantage, but the safety of his country from the harm with which Border States and Peace Democrats (same thing as Pro-Slavery Democrats) threatened her.

Nor has Mr. Lincoln always kept himself within the sphere of his office. I do not mean that he went out of it in imprisoning a few treasonable men. He should have imprisoned more. Nor do I refer to his suppression of a few treasonable newspapers. He should have suppressed many more. In almost any other nation with rebels at its throat the printing of "the forged proclamation" would have been visited with the severest penalties. The plea that the offence was committed where war was not actual would have been scouted. Nay, the presumption to offer it would have been lacking. By the way, the city of New York is emphatically a theatre of the war. Thousands there with worse than Southern hearts—for Northern rebels are worse than Southern rebels—are constantly plotting war against their country. Occasionally their war comes to the surface. It did so when, a little more than a year ago, it broke out in plunders and murders meaner and more malignant than the world had ever before seen. It will break out again as soon as some other conjunction of circumstances shall promise success. New York not a theatre of the War! Why, we have immeasurably more to fear from the ever-warring disloyalty of New York and Philadelphia than from the swords and guns of Richmond and Atlanta. But what if there be not actual war, has been none, and will probably be none in the locality where the press utters treason?—may not the war-power lay its suppressing hand on that press? If it may not, then the country may be lost. For, in the first place, civil proceedings may be too slow to save it; and, in the second place, the locality may be too disloyal to favor even civil proceedings. New York has not favored them. She has not punished her treasonable newspapers; and that she has not is strong proof that she will not, and is of itself ample reason why the war-power should. Moreover, however loyal might be the locality, it would not be right in all cases for the war-power to depend upon her motions. In a matter, which is vital to the nation, the nation itself must act. Her life must not be left to hinge upon the will or conduct of any locality, however loyal.

I have virtually said that a treasonable press is capable of working ruin to a country. "The forged proclamation," for instance, was a blow at the credit and at the very life of the nation. But for the intervention of the military arm it would have done much evil, and other disloyal presses would have been emboldened to do more. I add that if it were left alone to the civil authority to watch the presses in the North, a very considerable share of them would quickly be teeming with treason. If then the war-power is as limited as last Saturday's Opinion of the Court in the case of The People against Gen. Dix makes it, and if also that power shall submit to that limitation, then of necessity will the work of debauching the Northern mind by a disloyal Northern press go on toward its fatal result even more rapidly than ever.

The jurisdiction of Gen. Dix is called in question. It is as ample and absolute as that of Sherman before Atlanta or Grant before Richmond. Were citizens of New York to strike government troops in that city, he clearly would have as much right to strike back as have Sherman and Grant in such a case; and as clearly he would no more than they be under obligation to wait for redress at the hands of the civil authorities. But the right of the military commander to strike back, when newspapers strike at the existence of the nation, is even more vital. A single column of newspaper treason might imperil the nation more than could many columns of armed foes. Is it said that so great power in an individual is very dangerous? I grant it. And therefore we must as far as possible keep out of war—for in war there must be such power in a single hand.

I do not fear that Gen. Dix will abuse his office. He is both a wise and a just man: and that he, who has borne himself so beautifully in our war, should be degraded to a culprit in our Courts—and this, too, in return for a service he did his country—makes us blush for that country. It was he who, in his order, at the very beginning of the war, *to shoot down the man who should strike down the flag*, sounded the very key-note of that patriotic spirit in which it was our duty to conduct the war. In that order he virtually bade us all stand *unconditionally* by our country against whatever rebels or rascals.

I honor the good intentions of President Lincoln. But I would that he had the nerve to meet, as Gen. Jackson would have met, these traitorous men amongst us, who, when the state of the country is such as to make its salvation turn on a liberal interpretation of the powers of the Executive, study the reduction and belittling of these powers. Valuable as are the virtues of forbearance and forgiveness, we have had quite too much of them for our safety. Stern justice, whilst always a no less excellent virtue, is, in the time of stern war, a far more timely and necessary one. Would that the President might mingle a little more of it with his kind and patient spirit!

I said that the President has not always kept himself within his official limits. His Amnesty proclamation is one of the instances in which he has exceeded them. In his military capacity he had nothing to do with the reconstruction of civil governments; and in no other capacity had he anything to do with it until Congress had acted upon it. It was for him to set up military governments in the wake of our advancing armies. But it was not for him to concern himself about the permament or civil governments that would come to take the place of these temporary provisions.

By many the President is condemned for his slowness. Perhaps he is too slow in some things. There are others, however, in which he is too fast. But in this latter fault the great mass of the loyal men, both in and out of Congress, are with him. I agree with you that the President's plan of settlement is a wrong one. But your Congressional plan, like his, is premature. How much precious time was wasted over the premature question of the confiscation of real estate! Not a foot of it should have been sold before the close of the war. Nothing should have been done with it but to lease the vacant portions of it—and that only from year to year. No great inconvenience could ensue from such a postponement of the sale of Southern soil, nor from such a postponement of the setting up of civil government upon it. War, and especially such a war as this, is no time for unnecessary work. Moreover, the doing of it will leave necessary work ill-done.

Then there is the unseasonable work of altering the Constitution. Not one moment should have been wasted in that worse than useless direction. If nothing in the Constitution hinders the most effectual prosecution of the war, then surely there is no excuse for embarrassing ourselves in time of war with attempts to alter it. If on the other hand anything in it stands in the way of such prosecution, Congress can virtually overcome it. For the Constitution does itself accord to Congress the power to make whatever laws it thinks "necessary and proper" for carrying on the war, be it even laws for taking into the military service every slave and every apprentice, or every schoolhouse and every church in the land. A nation is no nation—certainly it could not long be one—that does not recognize such absolute power.

Then there is the undue haste to come to the terms of peace—a haste with which the President is no more chargeable than thousands of loyal men. When they who, without the least provocation, took up arms to dismember our beloved country, shall lay them down, then and not till then, are we to be for peace, or for anything but war. Then and not till then are we to talk or even to think of the terms of peace. The war ended, and then will be the time for our concessions to our deluded brethren. Just and generous may these concessions be! There are many good people who, in their great desire for peace, would have the war ended on any terms. They would even come to the ever-insisted-on terms of the rebels and accept of disunion. But these good people are foolish people. There can be no peace in disunion. A truce, and a very brief one, is the best there could be. War would break out every few years. Besides that we can get a peace only by conquering it, it can abide only on the condition of reunion.

And then these premature Presidential nominations, which for six months I was so earnestly deprecating. God grant that they may not fatally divide us! God grant that they may not fatally divert our interest from the prosecution of the war! But the blame of these nominations rests not on the President, but on the mass of his party.

The putting down of the rebellion—that is our one present work. Our absorption in it should be so entire, as to leave us no time and no heart for anything which is unnecessary, or for anything which is necessary until the very day, nay, the very hour, when it has become necessary.

I scarcely need add that in giving ourselves to the work of overthrowing the rebellion we are to make no conditions. I scarcely need add that those Democrats are to be condemned, who insist on stipulating for the safety of slavery ere they can embark in this work; nor that those Abolitionists are also to be condemned who put the abolition of slavery before the suppression of the rebellion. This suppression is the duty which must be discharged, come what will of its discharge to the Democratic or the Abolition party. For it is the nearest duty. Moreover, let the Abolitionist magnify the crime of slavery as he will, the crime of the rebellion remains the far greater one. For the rebellion superadds to all that is bad in slavery, parricidal blows at the life of the country and contempt of the sacredness of nationality. I have myself been a somewhat earnest advocate of Abolition. But at no time during the rebellion have I felt at liberty to inquire of Abolition whether, or how, I should work toward putting down the rebellion. I add that, as the sole legitimate object of the war we are prosecuting is to put down the rebellion, therefore none have the right to embarrass or pervert the war by their schemes to harm or their schemes to help slavery. We do not say that the Abolitionist is to cease working against or the Anti-Abolitionist is to cease working for slavery. But we do say that the putting down of the rebellion is the common work of Abolitionists and Anti-Abolitionists, Democrats and Republicans: and that, differ as they may in other respects, they are to be one in the prosecution of this common work. A traitor to his country is he who, when traitors have fallen upon her, allows himself under the counsels of any party however dear, any interest however cherished, or any cause however sacred, to withhold his help from her. Such party, such interest, such cause, notwithstanding, he is to be "arm and soul" against the traitors.

I repeat that I regret your protest—or rather, I should say, the unseasonable publication of it. There is a great deal of truth in it—and generally a very forcible presentation of that truth. But the country cannot now afford to have the hold of Mr. Lincoln on the popular confidence weakened. Pardon me for saying that the eve of the Presidential election is not the time to be making an issue with Mr. Lincoln in regard to either his real or supposed errors. For, from present indications, it is highly probable that we shall need to concentrate upon him the votes of all the loyal voters in order to defeat the disloyal candidate. Issues with the Southern rebels and their Northern friends are the only ones we can afford to make before the election. Let Lincoln get all the loyal votes, let Fremont get them, let Chase get them, let any other loyal man get them, if this shall be necessary to prevent the election of one who is in the interest of the rebellion and of a spurious peace. I doubt not from your ardent patriotism and your strong sense, that you entirely agree with me at this point; and that they altogether misjudge you, who suppose that you will in no event vote for Mr. Lincoln. The election of no loyal man, however faulty he may be, can destroy the nation. But the election of whatever disloyal man will. Strong as is your dislike of some of Mr. Lincoln's measures you will not suffer it to stand in the way of your voting to save the country, nor in the way of your entreating others to do so.

With great regard, yours, GERRIT SMITH.

MRS. STANTON'S REPLY TO MR. SMITH.

TO THE HON. GERRIT SMITH.

NEW YORK, August 15th.

MY DEAR COUSIN: I have just read your letter to the "Chairmen of the Committees on the Rebellious States," and feel somewhat puzzled with your present position. You pronounce the Report of Messrs. Davis and Wade a strongly-reasoned, instructive paper—a very forcible presentation of truth. As you deny none of the facts therein stated, combat neither its assertions nor logic, point out no errors of omission or commission, find no fault with its style, spirit, or standpoint, it is fair to suppose you thoroughly agree with the substance and spirit of the Report; and yet you say you regret its publication, and for the following reasons:

1. "The country cannot afford to have the hold of Mr. Lincoln on public confidence weakened."

2. It is "unseasonable, just on the eve of election."

In your first objection you beg the whole question. Many who feel the public pulse doubt that Mr. Lincoln has a strong hold on the people, and many more the safety of the country in his hands. As Brownson pertinently says, the question is not, "Can Mr. Lincoln carry the Republican party, but can the country carry Mr. Lincoln through another four years?"

Because, forsooth, a few office-holders assembled at Baltimore and named Mr. Lincoln, must the mass of Republicans, who in their souls repudiate him, give him their unquestioned support? Do you mean to say that the only business of the people, at this hour, is to pay their taxes and fight, and leave the choice of rulers for the next four years to a few wire-pullers and paid officials? Why go through the form of an election, if we are not to be permitted to discuss the merits and demerits of those who ask the votes of the people?

If grave and reverend Senators cannot sit in judgment on the policy of the Administration and criticize the short-comings and usurpations of the Executive, we had better declare for an absolute monarchy and done with it.

Again; you object to the Report, because it is "unseasonable, on the eve of the Presidential election"; and still you object to all discussion and action in reference to the Presidency at this "early day." When would have been the happy day and hour for the American people fully and fairly to examine the merits of their rulers for the next four years? If it is too early now, it cannot be too late for the Report.

One thing is quite amusing: while you condemn the Honorable Chairmen for weakening Mr. Lincoln's hold on the public, you quite unconsciously do the same thing yourself. You, too, arraign him before the judgment-seat of the people for "grave errors."

1. You say he has been too conciliatory towards the Border States and Peace Democrats.

2. Too lenient to a treasonable press and Northern traitors, in their assumptions of State rights and constitutional liberties, as maintained in the case of Gen. Dix by our Governor and the New York *World.*

3. You repudiate his Amnesty proclamation, and pronounce his plan of reconstruction a very bad one.

4. In condemning all talk about amending the Constitution as "unseasonable," you rebuke the President for "sincerely hoping and expecting that a constitutional amendment, abolishing slavery throughout the nation, would have been adopted during the past session of Congress!"

5. You accuse the President, in common with many loyal men, of being in too great haste for peace.

6. You blame somebody for prematurely thrusting the Presidential question on us. Now, inasmuch as the Administration, and not the people, have been moving in this matter for months past, you must have your eye on the man who tells us "it won't do to swap horses when crossing a stream," and complacently offers himself as the only man who can triumphantly carry the nation through the Red Sea of our present troubles.

Now, in view of these "grave errors," one might suppose that Mr. Smith, in common with many good Republicans, believed the time had come to raise the curtain and let the American people see how fast and far they have already drifted from the constitutional liberties of Republican citizens. But no; while you see "grave errors," you excuse them to the people. While to you the Report is a most instructive paper, you would withhold it from the people! To keep the people ignorant is the first step in despotism.

After giving six sufficient reasons for repudiating Mr. Lincoln, you give one very poor one for adhering to him, viz.: his availability. At this point, my dear cousin, your philosophy amazes me. One is prepared to hear vulgar politicians talk of choosing the least of two evils, of available men, of the danger of splitting a party; but Gerrit Smith's motto has ever been, "Do right, though the heavens fall." In this hour, big with future destiny, we need our ablest men at the helm of government. Honesty alone will not do for the momentous issues of times like these. We need leaders to galvanize the virtue and patriotism of the nation into life, and concentrate thought and action in the right directions.

Again; you say the only work of the hour is to "put down the rebellion." To all our complaints of violations of the rights of *habeas corpus*, free speech and press, you say, "put down the rebellion." To the outrages on our black soldiers, their unequal pay and protection; to the horrors of Olustee and Fort Pillow, you say, Do not stop to criticize—"Put down the rebellion." To the grave charges against the Executive, in the Report before us, which, if true, render Mr. Lincoln liable to impeachment, in the same deep, rich voice, I hear: "Put down the rebellion." No matter for blunders, short-comings, usurpations; let the Administration and slavery alone. Give us the Constitution as it is, Lincoln and slavery even, with the Union; no matter what; only "put down the rebellion."

Now let me ask you, in putting down the rebellion, may we not need something more than soldiers on the banks of the Potomac? May not one of the elements of success be the right man at the head of the army and navy? Another, the acknowledged equality of all men before the law? Another, a full and free discussion of the constitutional rights of States, the Executive, Congress, and humble citizens in their homes?

Are not all who breathe a prayer or say a word for freedom—all who help to maintain the old landmarks of constitutional liberty—all who defend the sacredness of individual rights, helping to put down the rebellion?

When we shall have spiked every Southern cannon, desolated their homes, and drenched the land in blood, we shall still find rebellion rampant in the hearts of the people; the same irrepressible conflict between the principles of aristocracy and equality that has convulsed the races through the long ages of the past; whether under the name of serfdom, peasantry, or slavery, it is all the same; and we who love liberty cannot too jealously watch the usurpation of power by the few, made safe and sure by the ignorance of the many.

With thanks for the many lessons in morals and religion that I have learned at your feet, I am sincerely yours, E. CADY STANTON.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

IT strikes us that Mrs. Stanton fails to break the force of Mr. Smith's argument, and succeeds only in showing the skill with which she can befog a plain question. But our readers, with both letters before them, will judge for themselves.

It pains us to find Mrs. Stanton countenancing the stale talk of the Copperheads about free speech, free press, arbitrary arrests, habeas corpus, etc. The *World*, the *Daily News*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the Boston *Courier*, the Chicago *Times*, etc., give us *quantum suff.* on that head, and if they did not, we could supply the deficiency from the speeches of Fernando Wood, Vallandigham, Chauncy Burr, and other Northern sympathizers with treason and rebellion. Of all the political summersets that we ever witnessed, that of the self-styled "Radical Abolitionists" on this question is the most remarkable. It involves an amount of self-stultification absolutely staggering to human credulity. During the first three years of the war, one of their standing complaints against the Administration was, that it was too tolerant of treason at the North—that it had not the courage to suppress treasonable newspapers and send to prison the men who were seeking under various disguises to demoralize public opinion at the North. They sighed for an Andrew Jackson in the Presidential chair to put down treason with an iron hand, and nothing pleased them so much as the stern and inflexible rule of Butler in New Orleans! The Administration has imprisoned fewer Northern sympathizers with treason during the last year than it did in the earlier periods of the war, and yet these "Radical Abolitionists" are talking now as if the very foundations of Constitutional Liberty were endangered whenever a blatant champion of treason is consigned to prison! Notwithstanding the Constitution expressly provides for the suspension of *habeas corpus* in time of rebellion, and notwithstanding the measure is expressly sanctioned and regulated by act of Congress, the President is denounced as a despot if he deprives a Northern sympathizer with treason of the power to strike at the life of the nation! And the people who have turned this summerset, and filled their mouths with the venomous logic of the Copperheads, have the face to prate of the want of principle among politicians, and read us lectures on the importance of "lifting American politics into the sphere of morals and religion"!

Does any one seek the reason of this change in the attitude of the so-called "Radical Abolitionists"? It is not hard to find. *Such was the price which they consented to pay in order to secure the nomination of their Presidential candidate at Chicago!* It was an experiment alike disgraceful and abortive.

THE FREEDMEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

LETTER FROM FRANCES D. GAGE.

VICKSBURG, July 23d, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DURING my stay in Vicksburg I have had opportunities for visiting the Contraband Hospitals and the General Hospital for Colored Soldiers, and doubt not a short chapter of my experiences would be interesting to the readers of THE STANDARD.

First and foremost, I know there will arise in many minds the query, "Why have Colored Hospitals at all? Why not let the colored man take his chance with others? Is he not a soldier, a man, under the same pay and protected by the same laws?" Certainly all this may be answered in the affirmative. But with the prejudices existing had we not better keep them by themselves? "That will but foster the unjust prejudice." And would you, O excellent philanthropist, attempt to override prejudice with the feeble and sick and wounded? Would you expose the suffering patient to the taunt and sneer of the white steward or hospital nurse, who, if he should be one to please on the white side, must displease on the other? No, the time has not come. The well and strong and adult must battle the prejudice, and the hospital and school must for a time be for races and not for men. It would be more than cruel to attempt anything else. The old Marine Hospital—one of a series that may be found up and down the Mississippi and on the borders of the Lakes, all of the same pattern and builded under the advice and influence of Zachary Taylor—has been given over, within a few weeks, to the use of the Colored Regiments. No better building for the purpose could be got in the city.

To visit this Soldiers' Hospital (colored) and see for myself into the treatment of the soldiers was my purpose when the ambulance of the "Home" set me down before that stately edifice. More surprised than at anything I have found in this city was I at meeting W. L. Jock, of Chester, Delaware Co., Pa., an old anti-slavery friend whom I had met at Longwood and other places where the friends of the slave were wont in old times to congregate, as the steward of "General Hospital No. 3."

And as I went from room to room in that great government building, I wished devoutly that you could all see its good order, comfort and care.

The surgeon was absent, but Mr. Jock assured me that he was in every respect a true friend to those under his charge. Such a hospital calls about it the friends of the black man, and unless sadly unfortunate in choice, they are better cared for than if given over to the indiscriminate attendance of friends or foes, as the case may be, in a common hospital.

The rooms were clean, the beds and the clothing as good as in any other hospital. The food cooked for their use was excellent and abundant, and much was left behind after dinner. Soup of good quality, fresh meat, bread, light and sweet, vegetables, coffee, tea, and sugar.

The wounded ones in their department, fresh from Gen. Dennis's last unfortunate expedition to Black river, were each one as clean and comfortable, and in their linen sheets looked as cool and cheerful, as if in a well kept family home.

A Hospital Steward can do much toward making a hospital a home to the patients—as much or more than the surgeons; and Steward Jock seems to be doing his part with great fidelity.

A few months ago what is now called the "Contraband Hospital" was under the care of a surgeon who seemed to be an utter hater of the negro, and while government provided amply, he, with an inhumanity which characterizes him as almost brutal, made it his chief business to create a hospital fund at the expense of the health and comfort of those placed under his care.

This Hospital was kept shamefully filthy, the colored people deprived of all delicacies or extra comforts; even knives and forks rusted in boxes while he refused them even this lever of progress, asserting that "they always had eaten with their fingers, and they should still." Those who went into those wards as sick men, women or children, often came out with no want but a bit of quiet earth to hide them away out of the sight of men after their troubled and abused lives.

Dr. Dodson was *happily relieved*, and Dr. Wright took his place in June. Two white ladies were sent by the "Western Sanitary Commission" to give their influence. Well-chosen stewards, servants and attendants soon gave a new face to affairs, and in my frequent visits, it has been pleasant to find each one more pleasant than the last, from some important feature, or some added comfort.

The tales of wrong and outrage committed against the freedmen along the Mississippi are fearful. The Yankees, as the blacks call all Northerners, are proving themselves hard masters, and while lessees of plantations, agents and school ma'ms write the most cheering letters North, and while probably each one from his own stand-point writes, or means to write, pretty near the truth, it is only truth of a very, very few of the people, and it is no uncommon thing to find philanthropic workmen or agents who have never been nearer to the contrabands than into some favored Sabbath-school or church, or some special rendezvous where charity has spread its bright-hued veil to hide the most rude and revolting state of things in the home life, if the word *home* can be applied to the miserable ways in which these people live.

O! how we need true men and women in this great work—men and women who cannot be bought with a price. There are such, but they are too few. And at the risk of displeasing and bringing down an avalanche of criticism from the great organizations which are rolling their charities Southward, let me pray them to be more careful in selecting agents and teachers for this most difficult work of the age.

Persons who have no practical common sense at home are not the best teachers or helpers here. One ounce of even-handed justice is worth tons of that unbalanced (misnamed) philanthropy that is forever mouthing "Equal rights," and yet treats the negro with a maudlin tenderness such as we bestow on a favorite dog, which ignores his real manhood and his capability to understand discipline, or his high and holy privilege as a free man to be made amenable with the white man to law and order. The time must come when our indiscriminate pity must give place to wholesome rules and regulations.

The unjust and cruel orders that are sometimes issued by the military department might be met very often and turned aside by judicious management on the part of agents and missionaries.

Inexperience, imbecility and prejudice must be expected among the hosts of military commanders who have been educated in the schools of pro-slavery up to the days of their donning their ill-bought shoulder-straps, and to meet all this there is needed the clearest judgment and the truest philanthropy that the North can give. Truly yours, FRANCES D. GAGE.

P. S. I began this letter in Vicksburg, and end it at South Pass, among the beautiful hills and vales of the famous fruit-growing region in Union County, Ill. In a day or two I go to St. Louis, and hope soon to resume my labors as a lecturer, and continue in the field during the coming Winter, adding my experience on the Mississippi to that of the Atlantic, for the benefit of those who are anxious to know "what to do with them."

F. D. GAGE.

"SOUND ON THE NIGGER QUESTION."

BY MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.

"I SUPPOSE he's sound on the nigger question," sneeringly uttered something in broad cloth to me the other day. I will not disgrace manhood so much as to call him a man, who thus sneered at those who have faith in the great ideas of freedom and humanity, and are willing to fight that the oppressed may no longer groan in our beloved land. Such a speaker may well be supposed to be a poltroon, one who would not be in favor of enlisting himself, because, forsooth, "niggers fight nowadays," and if drafted would be sure to plead ill-health, and, with Artemas Ward, "resign."

"Sound on the nigger question"! We were speaking of a General now in the loyal army. If he was one worthy of praise he was "sound" on that mooted point. If worthy to lead the sons of brave sires and pure mothers, he *ought* to be "sound" on the greatest problem of the age. He *ought* to be an ardent friend of liberty to all without distinction of sex or color. He *ought* to be one into whose soul the iron has entered in sympathy with crushed hopes and broken hearts. He *ought* to be one who looks upon the Star Spangled Banner as the flag of *the free*, and is unwilling to have it wave over an inch of soil ever cursed by slavery, except as a token of the full triumph of Liberty.

"Sound on the nigger question"! If one is, all pure spirits of earth and heaven are with him. He can then be eloquent as the "bee of Greece," or the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, and listening Senates hail him as a second Demosthenes or Cicero, while the minions of that arch-sin, Slavery, only confess his power by their futile attemps to destroy his life. If one is thus "sound" he can proclaim the trembling fugitives of American slavery "forever free," and, though a General's epaulettes may cease to rest on his shoulders, the echo of his proclamation shall be reëchoed by other proclamations, till his own becomes a fulfilled prophecy.

"Sound on the nigger question"! God's wars are the wars of Liberty! Right alone will triumph ultimately, and he who is enlightened enough and noble enough to be thus "sound" will stand at last among the happy victors—the crowned conquerors!—while the sneering, puerile rebel against truth and humanity will dwindle into insignificance, or sink into annihilation.

"For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

And the noblest heroes and purest martyrs of the nineteenth century are "sound on the nigger question." They are "with God, and therefore in the majority." "Greater is He that is for them than they that are against them." And every brave man and true woman should frown on or despise the pretended loyalists who are *not* "sound on the nigger question."

Reading, Mass.

EDUCATION IN FLORIDA.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

KNOWING with what eagerness everything pertaining to the growth and advancement of education among the freedmen is sought after and read by all classes of people at home, and feeling grateful for the many favors which, as a teacher among these people, I have received from the hands of the Agents of the Christian Commission, I would like, through the columns of your valuable journal, to return my sincere thanks to the Association, and at the same time give a short report of the school under my care.

From the commencement of the school in this place, soon after its occupancy by our troops in February, until its close on the 30th of June, it has been indebted to the Christian Commission for nearly all the books used in it; and but for such timely aid the school must have been, in a measure, a failure. Situated so far from the depot of supplies and the headquarters of the Freedmen's Association, under whose auspices it was started, and owing to changes in the Superintendents of the schools, the needs of this were somewhat overlooked, though one of the largest in the department and presenting peculiar claims to the attentions of the benevolent. At its commencement the school numbered forty pupils, all but one children of "poor whites." Many of these left before the close of the first week, when they found that the school was free to all without regard to color—"equal rights" not being a part of the parents' "system of ethics," though the children agreed admirably, I seldom having any difficulties to settle growing out of "prejudice of color." Fifteen white children continued to come for six weeks, making creditable improvement, but the feeling against those who continued to send was so strong that these were then withdrawn, though, as one of the mothers said to me, "This is the first chance we had to send our children to school, and I should be glad to have them go, but the neighbors are so hard set I'm afraid I can't do it much longer." This opposition was greatly augmented by many of our officers, who thought it quite shocking to have white and black children sent to the same school, encouraging the idea that if kept from this, a free white school would soon be started for them. This has not been done, though the need of such a school is very great. The streets are full of white children, who, out of school-hours, are the friends and playmates of our pupils, and I confess that I dislike to have them exposed to such *demoralizing influences!* The white children come about the door, looking wistfully in, but if I ask them to come in they invariably say, "Ma won't let me come."

I cannot begin to tell you in one letter of the great improvement made by this school, nor do I wish to take great credit to myself for these results. The enthusiastic interest taken by the learners in their books could not fail to inspire the dullest of teachers. Mothers, bringing their little boys and girls with them—men, exempt by their infirmities from military duties, and employed as waiters, cooks or laborers, come hurrying in, asking with eager faces, "Please, Miss, hear my lesson right soon, I must go in an hour. And they make the most of these half chances. Many of them, after four months of such irregular schooling, are fair readers, and can write their names legibly. This part of the school was, of necessity, very irregular in attendance, but the children were prompt and constant, several among them being present every day during the term. At the close of school a class of twenty-four could recite fluently the entire multiplication table, and a few of them could perform written examples on the slate or black-board through the three first rules in Adams's Arithmetic, and explain the process intelligibly. There was also a fine class in geography, but small, owing to the impossibility of obtaining books. During the last month of school the "first class" were accustomed to writing their spelling lessons on slates once a day. Do not forget that these are black children, lately held as property, and quite as unfamiliar with arithmetic and writing as their masters' other "beasts of burden"! Fifty soldiers from the different Regiments attended school regularly. The whole number of pupils belonging to the school was 287, and the largest average attendance of any one month was 90. The last day of school was one of peculiar interest to us all. The house was crowded with friends of the children. There were also several officers present. The room was beautifully decorated with flowers. The children behaved admirably. Several of them recited "pieces" suited to the occasion, and no one could fail to be pleased with their songs, of which they have learned eleven new ones this term. Two little children, aged six years, sang "John Brown," going through the whole without mistake, much to the delight of the visitors. I have been a teacher many years, but no "examination day" ever gave me such satisfaction as this one. Rev. Mr. Henry, of the Christian Commission, and several other gentlemen, addressed a few words of approbation to the school, but *the speech of the occasion* was delivered by a Sergeant of the 54th Massachusetts, a stranger to us all, but his words were touched with the true fire! We have also had a flourishing Sunday-school, organized early in March by Rev. J. W. Lewis. There were several classes of white soldiers who attended regularly so long as their Regiments remained at this post. After Mr. L. returned to Beaufort he sent us a nice selection of books for a library, which was a source of never-failing delight to the children. I feel that this work has been one of much benefit, and regret that the advancing season brings with it so much sickness and lassitude as to make the suspension of the schools necessary for a season. The condition of the Freed people at this post is one of much suffering and destitution, owing to the great prevalence of disease among them and the want of proper medical attendance, with means to put them into a better sanitary condition.

E. H. H.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Aug. 15, 1864.

A GENTLE easterly breeze gives us a delightfully comfortable temperature this morning. But our weather thus far through the Summer has been hot, hotter, hottest. The thermometer rose long ago, and everything else is rising to correspond with it. Eggs, butter, cheese, bread, milk, meat, molasses and maccaroni, all the staple commodities of subsistence, are very high up, and going *upper*. Even that philosophic person who professed himself willing to dispense with the necessaries of life, if he could only have the luxuries, would find it hard to live nowadays, at least if he paid for his prog, and had no gold to pay it with. And now, at last, newspapers also have *ris*.

Our daily press, with one exception, have combined in a public notice of the increase of their prices. To the public at large, this notification looked as if the publishers of the other papers preferred the *Courier's* room to its company. But, in fact, that paper had taken the initiative in this matter, having raised its price, two or three weeks ago, to twelve dollars a year, so that it is now the most expensive newspaper, to its subscribers, in this city. How many there are who receive it without subscribing, I do not know, but the following curious instance, came accidentally to my knowledge.

A man of extensive business upon whom I called had a newspaper in his hand, and I asked, "Is there any news this morning?" He replied, "I have seen nothing but the *Courier*, and you know we don't expect much news from that." Not knowing the man, I found this answer somewhat puzzling, and inquired further, why he subscribed for a newspaper without news. He answered that, years ago, he had become disgusted with the character and tone of the paper, and had sent his clerk to order its discontinuance. It continued to be left at his counting-room. He sent the same message twice or thrice more, at different intervals, without effect. At last he took a witness with him, went to the *Courier* office, and handed in a written notice of the discontinuance of his subscription. The paper came still, and comes to this day. But, he added, "for four years past they have sent me no bill, and I believe I can stand taking it on those terms as long as the publishers can stand sending it." Moreover, said my new acquaintance, "there is one real advantage about the *Courier*; when you find in its columns anything favorable to the government and disadvantageous to the rebels, you may reasonably expect it to be true, since it publishes nothing of that sort without strong and decisive evidence."

In a recent *Tribune* there appears a valuable article (probably by Prof. Tayler Lewis, of Union College, in your State) suggesting certain inferences from Southern rebellion in regard to Southern religion. He thinks that there is no place at which a Southern clergyman's Bible would be more apt to open of itself than at the commencement of the thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, namely—"Let every soul be subject to the Higher Powers, for there is no power but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive unto themselves damnation." This was the customary Scripture lesson for the instruction of the slaves. Its constant repetition must have been unpleasantly monotonous to them, but at least there was no mystery about it. The command was unequivocal, and the duty plain; plain as a pike-staff. The power that held the whip was the legitimate, the "ordained" power. Resistance to it incurred damnation. Obedience to it, hard though it might be in this life (a life of trial and suffering, remember!), led to salvation in the next. And this was about all the gospel that was served out by the white clergy to the Southern negro.

But, the Professor forcibly asks, why did not the reverend secessionist gentlemen who taught this doctrine to the slaves, Bishops Polk and Elliot, and Drs. Hoge, Fuller and Palmer, learn something from it in regard to their own relation to the long established government of the United States, of which they were citizens? Was not this government a power historically "ordained of God" at least as much as Roman or American slavery? Was not resistance to it also a damning sin? If not, why not! The numerous Episcopal Churches of the South have been accustomed constantly to pray—"From all sedition, privy conspiraeyand rebellion, good Lord, deliver us." Was there no more honesty in the rest of their religion than in their use of this phrase?

Seeing it advertised last Saturday that Rev. Dr. Edward P. Humphrey, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Danville, Ky., was to preach in one of our two Presbyterian Churches, I went there on Sunday morning to hear a specimen of Southern religion from a Northern man by birth and education. Among the few persons that I knew in the audience were several, as I should have expected, whose politics and religion are represented by the Boston *Courier* and the New York *Observer*.

Dr. Humphrey's text was the opening of the Epistle to the Hebrews, namely—"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son." He represented this passage as teaching, or rather as at once asserting and proving, that the Bible, the whole Bible, is God's work and word; or, as he afterward expressed it, that God is the real author of each of the sixty-six separate treatises, which, when bound together, constitute the Old and New Testaments.

Now, whether or not this doctrine can be proved true, it is plain that there is neither proof nor statement of it in the passage above quoted. Still, I had heard many such specimens of clerical logic and clerical hardihood, and I should have thought no more of this, had it not been fixed in my mind by a further incident. The next morning I met a fugitive from slavery who had lived some months at the North, and who had chanced to hear the same preacher and the same sermon. He was delighted with both, and thought the discourse "very argumentative," and the speaker very eloquent. This fugitive is a man of ability, and in some respects of intelligence. He had, even while in slavery, picked up more knowledge than slaves generally attain, and he has made good use of his increased opportunities since reaching the North. He could probably have refuted any sermon which this Theological Professor ever preached in defence of slavery; but, apart from this subject, he felt implicit faith in whatever a Reverend clergyman might say. He has by heart the enormous and impudent deceptions that slaveholders allege in justification of their system, and can disentangle and expose them. He knows, too, that the Southern clergy have been steady supporters of those deceptions. But he had never put that and that together, and drawn the inference that their teaching on theology might perhaps be as false as their justification of slavery. It had not even entered his mind that the Southern preacher, on Sundays, might perhaps be practising as great an imposition upon his soul, as the master, throughout the week, did upon his body.

The newspapers, in speaking of the recent death of Rev. Hubbard Winslow, formerly pastor of the Bowdoin Street Church in this city, state that "of late years his talents and attainments have been occupied with the cause of education." This is true, both in the sense in which it will be generally understood, and in another sense. After a journey in Europe had restored his health, impaired by the duties of the pastoral office, he set up a school for young ladies in this city, and afterwards pursued the same occupation in different parts of your State. He also published several books relating to different branches of school education. But through all these occupations, and in the intervals between them, and probably to the end of his earthly life, he was engaged with zealous interest in another educational movement, namely, the attempt to persuade men that slavery was right, and that interference with slavery was wrong.

The Anti-Slavery movement was commenced in Boston a year or two before Mr. Winslow became pastor of the Bowdoin Street Church. He was always an opposer of that movement, and was among the most active of the Boston ministers in making efforts to counteract it. When the famous "Pastoral Letter" (written by Rev. Nehemiah Adams, and adopted in 1837 by the General Association of the Orthodox Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts) recommended to the Churches of that faith not to permit the discussion of slavery in their meetings, and especially to discountenance the public action of *women* in regard to that subject, Mr. Winslow preached and published a sermon in advocacy of the views of the Letter. All readers familiar with the early history of the Anti-Slavery movement will remember Whittier's lines upon that famous document, commencing—

> "So this is all—the utmost reach
> Of priestly power the mind to fetter!
> When laymen *think*—when women *preach*—
> A war of words—a 'Pastoral Letter'!"

But the most remarkable pro-slavery movement in Mr. Winslow's career was the part he took in the formation of the "American Society for the Promotion of National Unity." This association was organized in the city of New York, at the Bible House, Astor Place, on the 6th of March, 1861, and Rev. Hubbard Winslow and Rev. Seth Bliss were its Secretaries. Its object (set forth in a pamphlet at the time above mentioned, and also in such papers as the *Journal of Commerce* and the New York *Observer*) was to counteract the movements of "reformers" generally, and especially the ideas and action of "Abolitionists." Its proposed method was to employ talented lecturers to precede or follow abolition lecturers, and thus prevent or undo their work; and to publish, as their opportunities and means might allow, tracts, pamphlets and newspaper articles in commendation of slavery, and in depreciation of all organized efforts against it.

Among the falsities stated and argued as truth in the pamphlet first issued by this organization were the following, namely:

It represented the slaves as "incapable of self care," as "indisposed to industry and foresight," and as "providentially committed to the hands of our Southern friends."

It represented emancipation as "rebellion against Providence," and as "destruction to the colored race in our land."

It represented the North as doing wrong "by assuming an attitude of hostility to slavery."

It represented the slaves as "under providential dispensation, lifting them up from the degradation and miseries of indolence and vice."

It represented their masters as "treating their slaves as humanity and religion demand," and as furnishing some of the brightest ornaments of the Church of God.

It represented that the slaveholders "freely concede to us our conscientious convictions, our rights and all our privileges," and asked why we should not concede freedom of slaveholding to them; and condensing men, dacious impudence into three lines, as with a "forty-parson-power," it asked—"If the climate and institutions of the South are such that our fellow-citizens there can afford to take the onerous care of them [the slaves] in return for their services, should we not gladly consent?"

The pamphlet from which the above extracts are taken contained five pages of names of "proposed" Vice-Presidents and Honorary Members, most of them already known as men favorable to the continuance of slavery. In a subsequent issue of the same pamphlet there was substituted, in place of these names, an address of the Executive Committee "to their fellow-citizens," signed by Samuel F. B. Morse, Chairman of the Ex. Com., and by Hubbard Winslow and Seth Bliss, Secretaries. The chief features of this address were an assumption that slavery, as now practised in this country, is approvingly ordained of God—another assumption, kindred to this in falseness, that opposition to slavery proceeds from infidelity—an admission of the fact (directly opposite to the assumption last named,) that the Anti-Slavery movement is a *religious war against sin*"—a declaration that their own course of policy must be to "divest the Anti-Slavery organization of its *religious* feature"—an exaltation of the U. S. Constitution as "the true rule of our political faith"—a disparagement of the Declaration of Independence as grosely erroneous in its doctrine of human rights—and a representation that action by Congress in defence of such rights in slaves would be an infringement, altogether unjustifiable, of a religious right of slaveholding belonging to their masters.

Such were the ideas to the advocacy of which Mr. Winslow gave the zealous and active labors of a large portion of his life. It was from no want of effort on his part that the Society above mentioned failed and died after the issue of its second publication, namely, a "Letter from the Rt. Rev. John H. Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Vermont, on the Bible View of Slavery." The war waged by the slaveholders against the North so cooled the zeal of their Northern friends for the peculiar institution, that no encouragement was given for the continuance of the Society in question, either by the eminent citizens to whom Vice Presidencies and Honorary Memberships had been offered, or by those cotton and sugar merchants, who were expected to hand over their cash for salaries and publications. The Society died and made no sign. And now one of its Secretaries is dead. NORTH.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE JOSIAH QUINCY.

AT a meeting of the Union League Club of this city, held on the 11th inst., the following resolutions, offered by John Jay, Esq., and seconded by Mr. S. B. Ruggles, were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That in view of the recent death of our distinguished fellow-citizen, the Honorable Josiah Quincy, in the 93d year of his age, the Union League Club of New York participate in the feelings of reverence and sorrow that have pervaded the country, at the departure of the last American statesman who was before the birth of our nation, and who was intimately associated with Washington and the other founders of our national Constitution.

Resolved, That in Mr. Quincy's stern integrity and large public spirit; in his advocacy of practical progress and reform, and his vigilance for the common good; in his upright and honorable career, whether political, municipal or academic; in his valuable contributions to American history and American letters, and especially in the courage and confidence which, in spite of age and its infirmities, he preserved in the darkest hour of our country's peril; and the profound faith which he held unshaken to the last, that the United States would maintain its nationality and its freedom against rebellion at home and piracy from abroad, and continue for generations yet unborn an unbroken empire, the home of liberty and the refuge of the oppressed of all nations, we recognise traits of character and principles of action which will forever entitle his memory to veneration, and which are deserving of study and adoption by the intelligent youth of the American republic.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published, and a copy transmitted to the family of Mr. Quincy, as an expression of our respectful sympathy.

LETTER FROM MR. HAMMOND.

PETERBORO, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I OWE an apology, it seems, to Mr. A. M. Powell, for erroneously attributing a partial report of the doings at Waterloo to him. I think he erre, however, in supposing a *full* report, if any, not appropriate to your columns.

Perhaps I owe an apology, also, to Mr. H. L. Green, for mentioning him as one of the "*prominent* speakers" of the meeting, inasmuch as he was in attendance but one day, and did not take a very prominent part in the proceedings, his few remarks being mainly against Mr. Lincoln.

I certainly ought to apologize to Stephen S. Foster (whom, with all that I consider his errors, I believe to be one of the truest men living), for coupling his name with one capable of making the insinuation (so much more "vulgar" than the language in which it is couched), that I was displeased with Mr. Mills's declaration against the war and the government (which can be proved by hundreds of hearers who *were present*, while Mr. G. admits he was not), only because I "was not *honored* with a place on the Business Committee."

I confess myself unable to contend with such an adversary. I cannot descend to his level, and therefore let him pass, only asking your readers to compare his own version of the tabled resolution with my statement of it, and see who tells an untruth.

Yours, truly, C. A. HAMMOND.

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.—The following letter is from a highly intelligent as well as true and staunch friend of the anti-slavery cause, whose commendation affords us no little gratification and encouragement.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15, 1864.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I wish to contribute the $5 enclosed to the support of THE STANDARD. I feel that the time has come when such counsels as you are giving in its editorial columns must be heeded or all is lost. The time is coming, too, when Anti-Slavery men must enlarge their charity and draw closer together. The Philistines are upon us. FIDELIS.

P. S.—I cannot help alluding to the excellent and valuable selections from other papers as a part of THE STANDARD not to be overlooked or underestimated. F.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Warwick Neck, R. I., on the 9th inst., WILLIAM WARE HALL, son of Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence, aged 29 years.

Mr. Hall was a graduate of Harvard University and of Harvard Divinity School. After completing his courses at Cambridge he spent some time in Europe, enriching his mind by travel and study. Conceiving it to be his duty to take his place with the defenders of the government, he accepted a commission as Lieutenant in our Fifth Regiment, and served for several months in North Carolina, taking part in that brilliant campaign of Burnside, which secured us the coast of that State. While lying in the trenches before Fort Macon he took cold and probably received the seeds of the disease which has at last carried him to his grave. Having resigned his post in the army, he hastened with his generous and philanthropic impulses to offer his services as a teacher of contrabands in South Carolina. For many months he has been fulfilling the duties of the office with great fidelity and success. His zeal for the work probably detained him at his post longer than a strict regard for his health would have dictated. But finally the inroads of disease were so great that he was forced to leave the field. He returned home a few weeks ago, conscious that he could not recover, but perfectly calm and ready to depart.

He has fallen young, but his whole life has been unselfishly and nobly given to others—to his country, and to that unfortunate race, who in their southern home have so long been deemed by the white men incapable or unworthy of intellectual elevation.—*Providence Journal.*

LETTER FROM MR. CONWAY.—WE have received a letter from Moncure D. Conway, for which we cannot conveniently make room in the present issue. It shall appear next week.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

FROM SHERMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

We learn from Sherman that an attack, which was only partially successful, was made upon the rebel lines on the 6th instant. Our lines have been steadily pushed forward until they approach within a mile and a half of the Macon Railroad. The position of Gen. Sherman is almcat as strongly fortified as that of the rebels, and he is secure against any attack that can be made upon him.

NEW MOVEMENT BY GEN. GRANT.

Gen. Grant has commenced a new, formidable, and thus far successful movement against the rebel capital. On Saturday last a powerful force, under Gen. Hancock, was thrown across the river at Deep Bottom. The Second Corps had been previously embarked in transports, at City Point, to sail under sealed orders for some point unknown. Instead of dropping down the river, the fleet on Saturday passed up, and landed the troops at Deep Bottom, near Dutch Gap. On the same night Turner's and Terry's divisions of the Tenth Corps also crossed over to Deep Bottom. A little after sunrise on Sunday, Gen. Foster's division was advanced by Gen. Birney) pushing the rebel line of skirmishers before them for some distance. As the result of this movement Gen. Hancock secured a strong position about ten miles from Richmond. By a gallant assault on the rebel works in his front, Gen. Birney captured six pieces of cannon and two mortars. The total number of prisoners captured is estimated at 500. Our forces are said to have gained an important position within the defences of Fort Darling.

FARRAGUT'S MOVEMENT AGAINST MOBILE.

The news we published last week, from rebel sources, of Farragut's movement against Mobile, has been officially confirmed. We hope for still better news soon.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

A COLORED WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Some excitement was created at Gen. Butler's headquarters on Saturday last by the arrival in camp of a colored gentleman who presented his credentials to Gen. Butler as the authorized reporter of the Philadelphia *Press*. After giving him a permit to pass anywhere within his lines, Gen. Butler suggested to him that he had better take up his quarters with Gen. Payne's (colored) division in front of Petersburg, and the colored knight of the pencil departed to his field of labor.

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 3.—You are aware that the government has in the city immense storehouses, covering I know not how many acres, and lumber yards and wood yards of great extent. These are of great value, and the loss of these by fire (to which at this season of drouth, they are peculiarly liable), would be embarrassing in the last degree. Accordingly, they are guarded by sentinels, whose duty it is to prevent all smoking near them, and to forbid all approach on or within the line of the sentry's beat. Recently the colored troops at the post have taken their turn in furnishing details for guard duties. There has been a disposition among some of the ultra inhabitants to "Pooh, pooh" these colored guards, and to refuse to heed their directions. Last Saturday three men passed one of the posts where a colored guard was stationed, and came upon his beat, and within the prohibited bounds. From the fact that they had just visited one or two drinking-shops, it may be presumed that their contempt for rules, and especially for "nigger guards," was preternaturally enhanced. The sentry directed them civilly enough to leave his beat. They refused; and finally, after an obstinate and insulting refusal on their part, the guard shot one of them, with immediately fatal effect. The matter was at once examined into by Brig.-Gen. Miller, commandant of the post, who, satisfied that the negro soldier had done only his duty, returned him to duty.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

COL. HIGGINSON ON THE PAYMENT OF COLORED TROOPS.

From The Tribune.

No one can possibly be so weary of reading of the wrongs done by government toward the colored soldiers as I am of writing about them. This is my only excuse for intruding on your columns again.

By an order of the War Department, dated August 1864, it is at length ruled that colored soldiers shall be paid the full pay of soldiers from date of enlistment, provided they were free on April 19, 1861—not otherwise; and this distinction is to be noted on the pay-rolls. In other words, if one half of a company escaped from slavery on April 18, 1861, they are to be paid $10 per month and allowed $3 50 per month for clothing. If the other half were delayed two days, they receive $7 per month and are allowed $3 per month for precisely the same articles of clothing. If one of the former class is made first sergeant, his pay is put up to $21 per month; but if escaped two days later, his pay is still estimated at $7.

It had not occurred to me that anything could make the pay-rolls of these regiments more complicated than at present, or the men more rationally discontented. I had not the ingenuity to imagine such an order. Yet it is no doubt in accordance with the spirit, if not with the letter, of the final bill which was adopted by Congress under the lead of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens.

The ground taken by Mr. Stevens apparently was that the country might honorably save a few dollars by docking the promised pay of those colored soldiers whom the war had made free. *But the government should have thought of this before it made the contract with these men and received their services.* When the War Department instructed Brig.-Gen. Saxton, Aug. 25, 1862, to raise five regiments of negroes in South Carolina, it was known very well that the men so enlisted had recently gained their freedom. But the instructions said, "The persons so received into service, and their officers, to be entitled to and receive the same pay and rations as are allowed by law to volunteers in the service." Of this passage Mr. Solicitor Whiting wrote me, "I have no hesitation in saying that the faith of the government was thereby pledged to every officer and soldier enlisted under that call." Where is that faith of the government now?

The men who enlisted under the pledge were volunteers, every one; they did not get their freedom by enlisting; they had it already. They enlisted to serve the government, trusting to its honor. Now the nation turns upon them and says: Your part of the contract is fulfilled; we have had your services. If you can show that you had previously been free for a certain length of time, we will fulfil the other side of the contract. If not, we repudiate it. Help yourselves if you can.

In other words, a freedman (before April 19, 1861) has no rights which a white man is bound to respect. He is incapable of making a contract. No man is bound by a contract made with him. Any employer, following the example of the United States government, may make with him a written agreement, receive his services, and then withhold the wages. He has no motive to honest industry of any kind. He is virtually a slave, and nothing else, to the end of time.

Under this order, the greater part of the Massachusetts colored regiments will get their pay at last, and be able to take their wives and children out of the almshouse, to which, as Gov. Andrew informs us, the gracious charity of the nation has consigned so many. For so much I am grateful. But toward my regiment which had been in service and under fire months before a Northern colored soldier was recruited, the policy of repudiation has at last been officially adopted. There is no alternative for the officers of South Carolina regiments but to wait for another session of Congress, and meanwhile, if necessary, act as executioners for those soldiers who, like Sergeant Walker, refuse to fulfil their share of a contract where the government has openly repudiated the other share. If a year's discussion, however, has at length secured the arrears of pay for the Northern colored regiments, possibly two years' may secure it for the Southern.

T. W. HIGGINSON,
Colonel 1st S. C. Vols. (now 33d U. S.)

If we are rightly informed, there is one point on which Col. Higginson is mistaken. The long injustice to which the Massachusetts colored troops have been compelled to submit he assumes to have been remedied. It is not so. The paymaster refuses to pay them their full wages except from January last, and offers them $7 a month only for their services from the time of their enlistment to that date. By what construction of the law this new wrong is perpetrated we do not know, but we do know that these men were enlisted under promise from an authorized agent of the government that they should receive full pay, which has been fraudulently withheld from them from that day to this. Whosever fault the act is, it is one of shameful fraud, for which there is no palliation, and which it is high time was repented of and remedied.—*Tribune.*

BAD TREATMENT OF OUR COLORED SOLDIERS.

From The Philadelphia Christian Recorder.

We are constantly in receipt of letters from our colored soldiers in the army, complaining of bad and injudicious treatment at the hands of their respective officers, in some companies and regiments—not in all. Now this is indeed too bad. Fain would we discredit these murmuring complaints, and rather ascribe them to fanciful or petty individual grievances, but, alas, we cannot; for "What everybody says must be true." There is but too apparent a dislike on the part of some of our upstart officers towards our brave colored troops. Why it should be so, we know not. Thousands upon thousand of our noble brethren, at the call of an imperilled country, have forsaken home, friends, and every endearing tie of kindred, shouldered the musket, and rushed forth to give battle to the encroaching foe—holding up in triumph over a sea of blood our noble banner of freedom—the signal light of our armies on land, and, on the sea, the pride of the navy! Thousands upon thousands will never again awaken till the bugle shall sound the recall from eternity. They have slept their last sleep, and fought their last battle. What more would you have them do? And yet the colored soldier must be kicked about like a dog! Truly this a grateful return! But it will undoubtedly have its effect in deterring many of our kinsmen from enlisting and going as substitutes. We do not believe that our present military regulations allow these young popinjay officers to maltreat and abuse those self-denying men without just cause or provocation, merely because they are colored men, and they placed over them for the time being. It is an indisputable fact that the vast majority of those fledgelings who have been placed in command over colored troops have never had such an honor conferred on them before, and are certainly anything but qualified for the importont position they hold, their capabilities never once being consulted by their wise appointers, whose eyes were doubtless blinded (with gold dust!) "Clothed with a little brief authority," these gentlemen-warriors play such pranks as Shakspeare most forcibly describes. Still, we are willing to allow that the insane prejudice existing in this country against colored persons has taken root and flourished so long, that it is almost a thing impossible to get white officers to command colored troops who will not treat them in a brutal and inhuman manner, and who are not apt to forget that they are freemen, and are not to be treated as slaves. Every one of our gallant colored men in the field is a true United States soldier, and should be treated as such in every respect, and as becomes a Christian nation.

Again: If some of our officers still persist in treating the patriots of '64 in such a shameful and outrageous manner, it should at once be reported at headquarters. Many of our men declare that they are treated worse than slaves—yes, worse than the most abject bondman of the South. This is bad news for our Northern masters. Congress apparently turns a deaf ear to all entreaties. Therefore, let us appeal to the commanding Generals to put a stop to such inhuman treatment of our brave soldiers. They, at least, are blameless; for we believe that such a style of petty tyranny exists without their knowledge. Great Generals feel for and sympathize with men. Confident are we that were those two mighty twin-warriors, Grant and Hooker, men as generous as they are competent and brave, apprized of the exercise of such inhumanity by their subordinate officers, the offenders would be instantly dismissed in disgrace from the service! May such brutality yet be brought to their knowledge!

GEN. SHERMAN ON RECRUITING IN THE REBEL STATES.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD, NEAR ATLANTA, GA., July 30, 1864.

John A. Spooner, Esq., Agent for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Nashville, Tenn.:

SIR: Yours from Chattanooga, July 28, is received, notifying me of your appointment by your State as Lieutenant-Colonel and Provost-Marshal of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, under the act of Congress approved July 4, 1864, to recruit volunteers to be credited to the States respectively.

On applying to Gen. Webster, at Nashville, he will grant you a pass through our lines to those States, and, as I have had considerable experience in those States, would suggest recruiting depots to be established at Macon and Columbus, Miss., Selma, Montgomery and Mobile, Ala., and Columbus, Milledgeville and Savannah, Ga.

I do not see that the law restricts you to black recruits, but you are at liberty to collect white recruits, also. It is waste of time and money to open rendezvous in Northwest Georgia, for I assure you I have not seen an able-bodied man, black or white, there, fit for a soldier, who was not in this army or the one opposed to it.

You speak of the impression going abroad that I am opposed to the organization of colored regiments.

My opinions are usually very positive, and there is no reason why you should not know them.

Though entertaining profound reverence for our Congress, I do doubt their wisdom in the passage of this law:

1. Because civilian agents about an army are a nuisance.

2. The duty of citizens to fight for their country is too sacred a one to be peddled off by buying up the refuse of other States.

3. It is unjust to the brave soldiers and volunteers who are fighting, as those who compose this army do, to place them on a par with the class of recruits you are after.

4. The negro is in a transition state, and is not the equal of the white man.

5. He is liberated from his bondage by act of war; and the armies in the field are entitled to all his assistance in labor and fighting, in addition to the proper quotas of the States.

6. This bidding and bartering for recruits, white and black, has delayed the reinforcement of our armies at the times when such reinforcements would have enabled us to make our successes permanent.

7. The law is an experiment which, pending war, is unwise and unsafe, and has delayed the universal draft which I firmly believe will become necessary to overcome the wide-spread resistance offered us; and I also believe the universal draft will be wise and beneficial; for under the Providence of God it will separate the sheep from the goats, and demonstrate what citizens will fight for their country, and what will only talk.

No one will infer from this that I am not a friend of the negro as well as the white race; I contend that the treason and rebellion of the master freed the slave, and the armies I have commanded have conducted to safe points more negroes than those of any General officer in the army; but I prefer negroes for pioneers, teamsters, cooks and servants, others gradually to experiment in the art of the soldier, beginning with the duties of local garrisons, such as we had at Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Nashville and Chattanooga; but I would not draw on the poor race for too large a proportion of its active, athletic young men, for some must remain to seek new homes and provide for the old and young—the feeble and helpless.

These are some of my peculiar notions, but I assure you they are shared by a large proportion of our fighting men.

You may show this to the agents of the other States in the same business as yourself. I am, etc.,

(Signed) T. W. SHERMAN, Major-General.
Official copy: I. M. DAYTON, Aid-de-Camp.

Summary.

Some of the Rhode Island mills have recently begun working "erotin" or flax wool, with good success. They say it is a great deal better than shoddy.

The house in which William Penn and his family lived in Philadelphia was recently purchased by a citizen, and will soon be demolished. The house was occupied by Penn who died in this house his son John Penn was born. It is now about one hundred and seventy-five years old, and is the last relic of the Penn family.

ARREST OF CONGRESSMAN HALL, OF MISSOURI.—A letter to the St. Louis *Democrat* from Mexico, Mo., says that Congressman Hall was arrested there on Wednesday for using the following language at the railroad depot: "I hold President Lincoln to be as much an enemy to this government as Jeff. Davis." Mr. Hall was sent to St. Louis under guard.

Judge Samuel W. Moulton, candidate at large for Congress, in Illinois, is making the tour of the State. At a recent meeting he was asked his views of negro equality; and at once confessed that there was some danger in it. The negroes might mix with the Democrats, and to prevent this, he would be in favor of a law to punish every black woman who married a Democrat, with thirty-nine lashes.

The Vergennes *Vermonter* says that in Ferrisburg, the other day, two sisters, women grown, were seen engaged in most essentially aiding in harvesting the hay. One of the sisters was riding the mowing machine, guiding the horses, and cutting down the grass—the other was riding the horse-rake. It is worthy of mention that the only brother of these sisters is in the army.

The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Maj.-Gen. Benj. F. Butler at the late Commencement at Williams College.——The degree of LL.D. was also conferred upon Edward Laboulaye, of France, by the Trustees of Harvard University, at their late Commencement. The same title was also conferred by the same institution upon Hon. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, and Charles Francis Adams.

NOT DRUNK.—A short time ago, while a regiment was moving by Sherman's headquarters—a tent, fly, and fence corner, near Kenesaw Mountains—one of the soldiers observed a Major-General lying asleep by the roadside. He spoke very loudly to his comrades, saying: "There's the way we are commanded—officered by Generals who get drunk and lie in the fence corners." Sherman heard him and sprang to his feet. "Not drunk, boys," he said, quietly, "but I've been up all night, and I'm very tired and sleepy." He got on his horse, and, followed by his staff, rode away.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FUND FOR RECRUITING IN THE REBEL STATES.—Upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been deposited with the State Treasurer by individuals and town and city authorities for the procurement of volunteers in the insurgent States. About twenty thousand dollars of this amount have been furnished by persons desiring "representative recruits." It is said that the ladies of Duxbury, to the number of a hundred and twenty-seven, contemplate contributing one hundred and twenty-five dollars each, that they may be represented in the Union army.—*Boston Transcript.*

A DILAPIDATED VILLAGE.—The village of Harper's Ferry shows the ravages of war. It has not changed for the better since 1862; but a good deal for the worse. Houses then abandoned by their owners have since been burned or gone to ruin; others are on the way to destruction. Two of the three churches erected on the ridge are doorless, windowless, poweless—war having levied upon everything that would serve to cook a breakfast. The factories on the Shenandoah, which were intended to make Harper's Ferry (with the government works) a hive of industry, are roofless and machineless. As for the arsenal buildings, all except two are gradually crumbling to decay. There are few places which present such vivid contrasts as this.—*Cor. Eve. Post.*

BEDDING FOR THE FREEDMEN.—The Chicago *Freedman's Bulletin* says:

"During the summer season the freed people may live simply, sleeping anywhere; but next winter they must have bedding, or freeze to death, as hundreds were frozen last winter.

"Very cheap materials may be wrought by skilful fingers into very warm comforts, quilts and blankets. Here is the work for our auxiliaries. We have hitherto received very little bedding. It is late enough to begin preparing it for next winter. We want five hundred tons of goods in store here by September 15th, that we may be able to send a little to every point from which a great cry comes up."

A NEGRO IN COURT.—*Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 2.*—A circumstance of considerable moment in marking an era in this community took place on Saturday last. A negro, recently a slave, who had been employed by a white trader in town to work for him, and had been unable to get his pay, brought suit against him for his wages. The case was tried and the negro recovered judgment for the amount claimed. Never before has a slave appeared as plaintiff in a court in Tennessee, still less has he ever gained a judgment. The defendant showed some dissatisfaction with the result, but was silenced by the suggestion of the plaintiff's counsel that, if disposed to demur at that issue, he might be tried under the old law of Tennessee, (still existing in the statute book), which makes it an offence punishable with imprisonment to traffic with a slave.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

COLORED PEOPLE AND THE STREET CARS.—A number of the leading colored citizens of the city have called a meeting in reference to the exclusion of colored people from the street cars. In their call they represent that their property is taxed, and they are required to bear the same burdens of the municipal organization as other citizens, and are entitled to the same benefits and privileges that grow out of its legislation; that they are unquestionably loyal, and doing their duty manfully in the patriotic work of the army, protecting with their lives the property of the very railroad companies who deny them the common rights and courtesies of humanity. They propose, by concentrated effort, to raise a fund and employ counsel to protect them against the outrages they suffer in this respect, by testing in the Courts the question whether as common carriers the railroad companies are not obliged to receive all passengers who apply for passage, to the extent of their accommodations.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

MEETING AT THE PRISON.—We were invited by Warden Foss to attend meeting at the Prison, on Sunday last, to listen to Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, of Michigan, a Quakeress, who devotes a large portion of her time in visiting prisons, penitentiaries, and the hospitals of our soldiers. The meeting was opened by singing, after which Mrs. Rachael Howland, of New Bedford, Mass., read the fourth chapter of Ephesians in a very clear and impressive manner. Mrs. Comstock then for the space of an hour addressed the convicts in a very touching and encouraging manner. She related many interviews she had had with prisoners and soldiers, which were very affecting, and threw not only the convicts but the whole audience into tears. Her earnestness and sincerity added greatly to the impressiveness of the meeting. After her address, she distributed religious tracts among the prisoners who received them with a polite recognition of the love of the donor. The closing prayer was offered by Mrs. Howland, and its effect upon the prisoners was as equally manifest as the sympathetic and devoted address of Mrs. Comstock.—*Concord, N. H., Ind. Democrat.*

FREMONT.—In a letter to the *colored citizens* of Cincinnati, Rev. Calvin Fairbank (so long and so cruelly imprisoned in Kentucky penitentiary) says:

"During the interval of the week, at Lebanon and elsewhere, I have witnessed a general expression of regret, dissatisfaction and condemnation of J. C. Fremont for his backsliding. I hear everywhere from those who have borne the burden and heat of the day—in the days when the lash and spoiled eggs were thought a reasonable compensation for abolitionism—one earnest expression of regret and condemnation of this once popular leader, for having consented to split the force of the Republican party—draw off strength from Mr. Lincoln's cause—and thus virtually vote to place a copperhead in the Presidential chair, and fasten upon the loyal people and the slave an obligation involving the slavery of the one, and the submission of the other, to all that may be demanded by vicious ambition. Fremont was *the* man for the slave, and *the* man for the masses; but, if his conduct does not prove that we all erred, it proves that he has fallen from his purity and good sense."

POLITICS IN THE BORDER STATES.—*Nashville, Aug. 3.*—Nowhere is there a deeper feeling and interest in the result of the election or of the war, which terms indeed are identical, than in this city and other localities in the Border States. To the Union men of the North the question at stake is, shall we conquer the South? To the Unionists of Tennessee, Northern Alabama and Northern Georgia, the question is, shall we be permitted to remain in our homes, or shall we be compelled to flee from them, with the alternative of being hung by the returning and triumphant rebels? Let it be remembered by every man who sighs for peace, that peace without victory means ruin and despair to every Southern Unionist who has bravely trusted to the word of the nation, and has put his life, his home, his all, in the stake.

Among the Union men here there is but one word—"Lincoln and Johnson." There is not so much as a whisper of Fremont. They do not assert the perfection of the present Administration. They think generally that the Amnesty proclamation was an undue exercise of magnanimity, of which the rebels have availed themselves to bite the hand that pardoned them, and to undermine the government that trusts to their oaths. But they believe that any lack of determined severity in dealing with the rebels which may have existed will have a correction in Gov. Johnson, and they believe and know that our only hope of national salvation lies in the continuance of power in the hands of an unconditional Union Administration.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

ABSENCE OF PREJUDICE IN ENGLAND.—We are glad to see the passage of Mr. Sumner's bill compelling the railway authorities at Washington to admit persons of color into the cars on terms of equality with the whites. This reminds me of a notable illustration of the absence in this country of the prejudice against color, even in quarters where it might naturally be looked for. Two pro-slavery Americans were recently studying law in the Temple, and, one day, two black students incontinently sat down at the same table with them in the common hall. The young Democrats (of the true Fernando Wood style), after manifesting their disgust by their looks, exclaimed "that they couldn't eat their dinner at the same table with two —— niggers." Whereupon, the other students, who had no sympathy with their foul-mouthed prejudices, privately invited two other colored gentlemen to the same table. This completed the disgust of the admirers of "the peculiar institution," and they abruptly left the hall, feeling, no doubt, that Jefferson Davis had been grossly insulted in their persons.—*London Cor. of The Independent.*

A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY.—By reference, says the Troy *Times*, to the Constitutions of New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, formed before the date of the Constitution of the United States and in force at its adoption, and also to the Constitutions of Georgia and Pennsylvania, formed soon afterwards, it appears that in respect to the qualification of electors for the most numerous branch of the State Legislatures, *there was no distinction on account of color* in those nine States. Connecticut and Rhode Island, being under the old royal charters, could have none. South Carolina, by its Constitution of 1776, allowed negroes to vote, but in 1778 the privilege was restricted to every "white man," etc. In Delaware, by act of February 3, 1787, emancipated slaves and their issue were debarred "the privilege of voting at elections or being elected." And even this seems to have been a violation of the letter of the Constitution of the State. It is well known, among intelligent men, that the practice of admitting free men of color to vote *obtained universally* at first among all of the original "old thirteen." In Virginia *negroes voted side by side with white men until* 1830!

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

WAITING FOR THE HOUR.

BY MRS. F. A. HANAFORD.

[Suggested by W. J. Carleton's picture, entitled "Waiting for the Hour," representing slaves waiting for the time to come when the President's Emancipation proclamation should be in force.]

THEY wait! Long, weary years have passed,
And Liberty seemed far;
Lo! bright upon their future path
Now beams the Polar Star.
God from on high His ear hath bowed,
His the Redeemer's power,
With rev'rent joy, and holy hope,
They're "waiting for the hour."

That Hour! the bell of Liberty
May ring it out with joy,
When midnight stars shall sound it forth
In th' belfries of the sky.*
The hour of Freedom! well may he
Who holds Time's measure there
Intently on the hour-hand gaze,
Still "watching unto prayer."

Long had his voice proclaimed the hope
The symbol-anchor tells,†
And yet he listens, half afraid
To hear the chiming bells
Which tell that Freedom's hour hath dawned,
The long, sad night is o'er,
The chains and fetters, woe and sin
Of slavery are no more.

Shout! friends of Liberty, aloud!
Shout with a mighty tone!
Sing, angels in the upper world,
A song of Freedom's own!
Now stripes and bondage are exchanged
For peace and quiet homes,
Where no slave-driver's voice is heard
And never bloodhound comes.

Oh artist! on whose canvas glows
This picture grand and high,
Hast thou not won by work like this
The "Well Done" of the sky?
And yet no pen can write the hopes,
No pencil paint the joy
In all its fullness, which they knew
To whom this hour was nigh.

They wait! yet while we look, the hour
Comes with its blissful freight;
Fling out the Stars and Stripes, a sign
They may no longer wait.
Shout Lincoln's name, with blissful tears,
Pray for him day by day,
And, through all coming Time, look back
With joy to "Sixty-three."

Reading, Mass.

* Everett's Oration on "The Uses of Astronomy."
† The watch key was in form of an anchor.

TWO RUSSIAN VILLAGES.

From All the Year Round,

I AM about to describe two Russian villages that I know; the Small and the Black. One shows Russia at its best: the other shows the ordinary state of things below the surface-polish of the capital.

The Small village was unlike any Russian country village I had ever seen. The proprietor of the place, either wisely or by good luck, had placed the whole management in the hands of a man of the right stamp; not one of the engineering comets who pass over the Russian scientific horizon, dazzling the native vision with schemes promising fabulous percentage; not an avaricious and tyrannical Niemitz; not a crafty, pilfering Russ; but a plain, practical man, who could understand that his own and his employer's interests were best consulted by the material improvement of the people under his control. He had been reared on a small farm in Ayrshire, and knew all the practical shifts and expedients necessary in dealing with poor people and poor land; he possessed that indomitable energy and perseverance which has made many of the once heathery hills and boggy plains of Scotland the most fruitful farming land in the world. Catherine, Paul, Alexander, Nicholas, have all employed Scotchmen in their navies, armies, and manufactories; and these men and their descendants are to be found naturalized and prosperous in many parts of Russia.

On the estate of the Small village I found a beet-root-sugar mill, a large saw mill, corn mills, a vodki distillery, excellent stables, cowhouses, dairy, store-rooms, conservatory, garden, hothouses, all kept in the utmost order. The people, who looked clean and cheerful, had been cleared of the sheepish, sullen, cringing air of serfdom, and they looked me in the face. In addition to his farming operations, this good manager had established a small foundery and mechanics' shop, where both iron and brass goods were cast and manufactured. In the mechanics' shop I saw about thirty men and boys busy at work, with files, hammers, and chisels of English manufacture. There were a blacksmith's shop with five forges, a joiner's shop, a painter's shop, and a large department for the making of carts, sledges, and all kinds of wheels. It may be worth notice, that the rims of Russian wheels are made in one piece, and not in sections, as in England. Birch-trees of the proper size are cut down and trimmed to the length and thickness required, are boiled for from four-and-twenty to forty hours in a large caldron of water, and are then bent, fastened, and laid up for a year or two to season. Naves and spokes are afterward put in by a rude contrivance, and the one joint is made very secure with iron plates and bolts. A wheel made in this way, and shod with half or three-quarter inch iron, will last an immense time on the high road. On the soft unmacadamized roads in the interior no iron is necessary. The bearings of these wheels are so broad that it is almost impossible to overturn the carts or carriages set on them. Thousands of such wheels were made in the Small village, and sent every year to the various markets. Beside these, I saw ploughs, harrows, and portable thrashing machines, in course of manufacture; while I was looking over the estate several persons from considerable distances arrived with articles for repair, and orders for new goods.

The wooden one-storied huts of the people were clean, well built, well thatched, and had glass windows. Separate places were provided for cows, horses, pigs, and poultry; adjoining each hut was a strip of land, composing the garden and farm of its occupant; a post with a printed board at the top, facing the main road, set forth the name of the possessor of each allotment. Although the snow on the ground made it impossible to see the state of cultivation, it was evident from the abundance in the little barns and yards, and from the general appearance of the peasants, that their old slovenly habits were giving place to industry and self-respect. On inquiry I found that on this estate, serfdom had been abolished for some years, and that the work was all done by free Russian laborers. The Lady Obrassoff had freed her serfs, and by a judicious system of encouragement and assistance was gradually making men of them.

"It is true," said the steward, "we pay more for labor now, and we have to give them pasture-land and wood at a mere nominal price. But we get more work for our money, and by-and-by the small farms let out will become more valuable, and pay higher rent, although madame's income from her land has been for a time reduced considerably. The profits of her works, too, are already so much increased, that, on the whole, we thrive under the new system. This will not be the case with many other proprietors who have not taken care to conciliate the people, and find good work for the surplus population. At first, I was much put to it for workers in the mills and shops, many of the people having heard of high wages in Moscow and St. Petersburg, rushed there, but most of them have since returned, bringing report home that in the great towns work is scarce and living high, and that, on the whole, they find themselves better off in the Small village. I expect that as soon as the serfs are free to go where they choose, great bodies of them will rush to the capital and large towns, expecting high wages. This will glut the labor-market in places already fully stocked, and they will return to their native places. For a time they may cause great loss and annoyance to those who possess land and works in the interior, but a few years will remedy the evil."

In the Winter of 1862, many serfs, who had been spontaneously freed by their barons, rushed to Moscow. When I was in Moscow last, the city swarmed with masses of starving peasantry seeking work and finding none; on a late country journey I saw thousands crawling back to their villages and begging their way.

Visiting madame at the great house, I found an English governess at home with her there, in the heart of Russia. It is a general practice among the better classes in Russia to educate their children, especially girls, at home. Placed under the charge of a chief governess, a young Russian lady is often attended by a retinue of tutors, comprising a German, a Frenchman, an Italian, and an Englishman, beside Russian dancing, drawing and music masters. I knew a case in which a young lady's education cost her guardians two pounds a day, for teachers' and governesses' fees alone. All must be natives of the country whose language they profess to teach, and must come, or profess to come, from their capital. Scotch or Irish men or women are tabooed, either as governesses, teachers, or companions.

Having complimented madame on the improving condition of her estate,

"Ah, yes," she said, "my steward has done wonders outside, and we have not been idle inside. All things are changed, and oh, how much better it is! Formerly, when the people were my own, I was obliged to have seventeen or eighteen servants of one kind and another in the house, to wait on us four ladies, and then we were not half served. Now, we have only five hired servants, all free, beside the gardener and coachman; and from these we get better attendance. We are quieter, there is less waste and stealing, and the cost is not one-half. The effort was at first hard work, for, sometimes when we were teaching them to be free—poor things—they did not know what it meant. But we persevered, and now I am very happy. It will be a long time, however, before I get the idea out of my old head that these independent creatures are my children. Lucy (the English governess) and Sanya have started a school for the peasants' children. At first they bribed the little things, and even the parents, before they could get them to come; now, they have too many. The young ladies also visit the sick and the aged; and Lucy has lately taken to remonstrating with the few lazy and drunken fellows in the village. About a year ago, she gave me a little book of Scripture tales, of which I am extremely fond; it is in English. Well, we three Russians soon translated it into Russ, intending to get it printed for circulation among the peasants and their children. But you see, at my last confession I had to tell the priest what I and my girls had done. He saw the manuscript, and prohibited the publication."

"And will you not publish it?"

"O no; it would be wrong. I dare not. It is as much as I can do, to get the school carried on. But come here into this corner; I want to tell you about Lucy. That young lady has a strong, determined character, and must have been trained in good principles. During the first three months she was in my family, she effected a great change in it. You know how abjectly the peasants behave when they ask a favor or receive one?"

"Yes; they cross themselves, bow down their heads level with their heels, kiss your feet, grovel on the very ground, and kiss the earth you walk on."

"So it is, and we are so much accustomed to it that this servility seems natural. They will do it to our children when occasion requires, crawling and grovelling before them. Poor young things, what can they imagine but that the abject souls are dogs and pigs compared with themselves? I have seen one little fellow, not disposed to grant a request to a great sprawling man, join to his denial a kick in the face. Well! One day after Lucy had been a short time here, two male peasants came in and began their prostrations before the young girls; they had a petition to make to me, and wished for their intercession. Sanya, although she is a good girl, took it quite in order, as part of her natural birthright. Not so Lucy; I was in the next room, and heard her say, 'Get up, men, and stand on your feet like human beings; I will not hear a word while you lie on the floor'; and looking through the curtains I saw her with her fingers in both ears. Sanya said, 'Lucy, dear, let them go on, they are only moushicks.' 'They are men,' said Lucy; and turning to them, she said, 'Now listen and remember what I tell you; never go on your knees, and kiss the ground to me again. I won't have it; you must kneel to God only. Stand up and make your request in a respectful manner, then I will hear you, and help you if I can.' The moushicks did not understand her; they stared in blank astonishment; they heard her words of rebuke, but supposed that they had not been abject enough; and again cast themselves down at full length. Lucy ran into my arms and burst into tears. My Sanya could not for a long time understand it, but I hope I did; and the end is, that this abominable practice has been peremptorily abolished in my family."

Now, let me describe my visit to the Black village, or, as the Russians call it, "Churnoi Deravonie."

We (for I was not alone) arrived about 10 o'clock, in fine time and humor for breakfast, but saw very few evidences of life as we passed down the road between the straggling, poverty-stricken, shapeless hovels of mud and wood. On approaching the baronial residences and farm offices, we found a small crowd of some twenty peasant men and women assembled at one of the barn-doors, where a middle-aged lady was gesticulating with direful energy to the assembled peasants. The lady was dressed in a fur wrapper, had tied her head up in a comfortable woolen shawl, had put her hands in good warm fur gloves, and wore on her feet a pair of long velvet boots lined with rabbit-skin. The peasants seemed as if they had just risen from consuming fever. They were lean and wan and haggard, with their hair matted, their poor clothing tattered, and their faces fixed in sullen discontent. The lady, busy among her "souls," did not appear to notice our approach. She was in too great a passion to attend to anything but the outpouring of her wrath.

"Dogs! sons and daughters of dogs! Is this the service you pay your baron? Pigs and swine! Is this a time to come to your work? Rats and vermin! You should have been here at four o'clock, and now it is ten. Defilement of mothers! I will have every one of you whipped. And you, starost, who ought to be an example, are the worst of the whole pack of thieves. You came here at this hour with seventeen souls, when you ought to have had forty here at four o'clock to thrash and put that rye away. Devils you all are! If my brother were well, he would punish you like sons and daughters of dogs, that you are!"

The old starost, quite unconcerned under all this abuse, merely shrugged his shoulders until they reached his ears, and held out his two hands from his sides with each finger as far separate from its neighbor as possible. If anyone will put himself in this posture, and stare fixedly before him until his eyes are glassy, he will have achieved the universal deprecatory careless shrug of Russia.

"What's to be done, baroness?" he asked. "I have been fighting the pigs all the morning to get them to come, but, the deuce take it, they say they are all unwell, and cannot work. See! These are all I could get, and I had to pull them off their beds to bring them here, and, deuce take me, they are not worth bringing! But what's to be done, baroness? It's God's doing."

"Go into the barn and work, you whelps," said my lady. "Starost, drive them in, you old fool. Be quick, pig." And here she gave the old fellow a side blow with her gloved hand which made him stagger back. But, recovering himself, he pretended to make furious assault on the poor invalids, cuffing, kicking, and pushing them to the door of the barn, through which they huddled and disappeared.

"Now, then, you old fool," said the lady, "go and bring the others."

"And who will watch these, baroness?"

"I will. Be off, thief."

"I'll try, baroness. But they won't come."

"Begone, devil, and obey my orders." Again she essayed to strike the man, but he started off in quick time to the village.

The language used toward these poor people did not astonish me. It is the usual style toward serfs. But it is not often that a lady is the speaker. I had been told of this baroness that she was a Tartar, and a Tartar she assuredly was. Observing us as the old starost left, she came hurriedly over to us. 'Ah, bless me, is it you, my dears? Forgive me, you young ladies, I did not see you sooner. You are welcome, my darlings. How is your mother? Sanya, who is this you bring with you?" (I am introduced, and touch the Tartar's glove.) "You see what awful work we have with these serfs, sir? They think that since their freedom has been so much talked of, they are not to work any more. They are perfectly unmanageable. My brother's illness has forced me to take them in hand, and I'll let them know I am not to be played with. Now go to the house, dears, and take off your things. I will be with you as soon as I see these peasants at work." And off she went into the barn.

The house was large and dilapidated. When we drove into the front yard we found all silent and empty. No one came to take charge of our horses, or usher us in. Our coachman could not leave his horses, one of them being rather restive; so, after hallooing for some time, I was obliged to enter unannounced. Just inside the door, and coiled up in a corner like a huge boa-constrictor, lay what I suspected was the porter sound asleep. I gave him a shake, but this had no effect. I then kicked his legs, but he only groaned. Seeing a jug of water on a little table in the passage, I poured it on him. He started up half awake and made a fierce butt at me with his head. Fortunately he missed me, and came down on the floor, head first. This had only the effect of so far rousing him that, when he looked up through his long tangled hair and saw a baron standing over him inquiring for some one to take the horses in hand, he jumped up and dived in at a side-door, bawling, "Gregory? Visitors!" Following close at his heels I found him tearing at the beard of another fellow, who was sleeping on a wooden bench. Gregory being awakened and informed of what was wanted, dived into a passage, shouting, "Evan! Visitors!" Finding that I had not yet got at the right man, I again followed, and, crossing a back court, entered an outhouse filled with straw. Here, I found Gregory pulling Evan by the legs out of his comfortable bed of straw. As soon as he became sensible that visitors were at the door with horses, Evan seized a long pole with an iron hook on the end of it, plunged it among the straw, and, after various failures, ultimately succeeded in fishing out by their grey ragged coats his two stable assistants. Thus reinforced, he leisurely proceeded to the front and took possession of our cattle. The battering-ram was ready by this time to act his part of lackey, and conducted us into the house. Several female heads popped out at various doors as we passed on, indicating a numerous if not a select retinue, and our conductor presently opening a door at the end of a passage, shouted "Visitors!" and left us on the open threshold. Advancing a few steps, we were in the presence of the lord and lady of the "souls," the pigs and dogs, vermin and devils.

The master of the house was an invalid. On one side he was nearly powerless, and he had partly lost his speech from palsy. His other side, however, was still serviceable, and with his sound arm he was flourishing a crutch at a red-shirted peasant who stood within reach: nor did it end in a flourish, for the crutch came down upon the moushick's back as I entered. I wondered the fellow did not run; but, looking down, I found that he was tied to the great arm-chair in which his paralytic lord was cushioned. The man's offense was, that in exercising the razor on his master's face he had made a deep gash. That he might be safely within reach of punishment the poor fellow was always tied to the chair while he dressed his master.

On a sofa lay a lady of portentous dimensions, enveloped in a loose robe by no means carefully arranged. Her face was hidden by a dense mass of very long hair, and in her arms she held a cat of Russian breed and wondrous size. On her knees on the floor was a young woman, who had in one hand a large comb, while the other grasped the locks of her lady, and she combed and searched and scratched and picked away the particles of scurf which are apt to collect on all heads and all hair. Cleaner skins, cleaner heads, and cleaner hair, do not exist anywhere than among Russians of this class, for the process through which madame was going is a daily process, in which she and all the Russian ladies take delight. As the baron was still making wild efforts to castigate the unfortunate barber, and as his lady seemed unconscious of our presence, I turned to my companions for counsel. But the young birds were flown. I was alone in that august presence. Thinking discretion the best part of valor, I precipitately followed, and soon found my companions, by the sound of their laughter, in another room. There we waited nearly half an hour, during which time I received the following items of information regarding our baron, which, as he is one of a large class, shall be repeated.

He had been an official in a hospital department, or something of that kind, at Constadt or Petersburg, for many years. It was his duty to buy and dispense the stores and necessaries. His salary was below two pounds a week, and this seemed to suffice for payment of the rent of a good house, and enabled him to keep a good table, and entertain good company. It had given his daughter an expensive education, and a dowry of more than two thousand pounds on her marriage day. It had educated his son, a young man now nearly ready to enter the army as an officer; and had kept him in pocket-money. It had bought the Black village, and made its paralytic owner a baron. Finally, it had kept his widowed sister, the Tartar, for twelve years on the estate, as factotum, in the absence of the baron himself. But age and inefficiency will make themselves manifest even in government places, and the baron had now retired to enjoy nobility on his estate, among the hundred and seventy souls, out of whom he had always tried to get the utmost amount of work and obrok, and from from he received with daily curses the least possible amount of service.

"Ah, this horrid emancipation proposal!" said his sister to me, after she came in and ordered coffee. "It is a most shocking act of injustice on the part of the emperor. His father was a gentleman, and would never have done such a wicked thing. He is a——Well! We shall all be ruined. My brother paid twenty thousand rubles for this estate and the souls on it, and by what right does the emperor take them from us without sufficient compensation? We are already feeling the bitter effects of it. Not one of these moushicks will work for us if he can help it. Even last Summer a great part of our rye crop was suffered to rot on the fields because I could not get them to cut it down in time. Think of ten souls out of seventy, coming to the reaping-field, and these ten cutting only twenty-five sheaves a day each, instead of one hundred, which they can easily cut if they choose!"

Here a servant entered the room carrying coffee-cups, followed by another with bread, and a third with the coffee-pot. Madame looked and cried:

"Where is the cream, you fool?"

"There is no cream, baroness."

"No cream!" screamed madame, "and six cows in the stable!"

Off she ran to make sure. One of the cows had got to the cream and lapped it all up.

"Are you boiling the eggs?"

"Baroness, there are no eggs."

"No eggs, and a houseful of poultry!"

"The nests have been found empty."

"Oh, Heaven help us! The thieving villains, they will drive me mad! Quick, you fool of a girl, and bring the butter that was made yesterday."

"Baroness, there is no butter. The young baron's dogs and the pigs got into the cellar and ate it all up."

"Liar!" roared the Tartar lady, and cuffed the girl out of the room; the girl screaming as she fled, "It is God's truth!"

"Give such pigs liberty!" said the lady, catching her breath. "We have two-and-twenty servants in this house, and yet you see how we are served. We dare not punish them now as we used to, and they don't care for my cuffing. Last July the young baron, my nephew, was here on a visit, and for some fault he lashed a peasant with his whip, and cut him over the eye with the handle. What do you think the wretch did? He complained to the"——I did not catch the name, but it was one of the "icks"—"and there has been no end of trouble ever since about it. Ah! We used to get good work out of the moushicks once. They paid forty—some of the clever ones fifty and sixty—roubles obrok when they were out at work, and those at home were obedient and willing to slave for us five days every week. But now we can neither get obrok from those who are away, nor work from those who remain. Heaven knows how it is all to end; but I think the world is turning upside down. The mud is coming to the top. We shall all soon be slaves to our own serfs."

"But, my dear madame," I said, "why do you not adopt Madame Obrassoff's plan? Give them their freedom at once, a few deciteens of land, and time to pay?"

"And who is to work our land?"

"You must work it by hired laborers."

"And where are we to get them, and how pay them?"

"That you must provide for; the surplus of these peasants, if fairly treated, will work for you after a time."

"Not one of them! You are a foreigner, and don't understand these people. They are all reveling in the anticipation of a life of idleness and high wages. They are already dividing and picking out the best land for their share. As for paying for it, or working for us, nonsense! A moushick is never satisfied. Give him land, and he will ask for pasture. Give him pasture, and he will ask for wood. What he don't get, he will steal. No, *our* land must be cultivated by machinery and engines; and where the money is to come from *I* can't tell. Those who can buy engines, and wait twenty years for a return of capital, may hold on. As for us, we are ruined, and must sell what remains to us for what it will bring, if a customer can be found. That, Mr. Englishman, is the condition to which we are coming, if the barons don't soon put a stop to this emancipation folly!"

A deciteen of land measures nearly three acres. This quantity has been for many years selling in Russia from three to ten roubles, according to quality. The serfs do not in law belong to the barons personally, but the land does; and the serfs were, by imperial edict, long ago made fixtures on the land, so, by a curious fiction, whoever possessed the land possessed the serfs or souls on it. Although not slaves by name, they were really as much slaves as any African negroes are the property of any American planters. Now the emancipation edict severs that connection totally. A serf is no longer a fixture on his master's land. He is no longer a serf, but a free man. He can go where he likes. The land is the baron's, but these now free people must live on it or by it. The edict, therefore, enjoins that a certain portion of it, five or six deciteens, shall be sold to each male peasant, and for this he must pay the baron fifteen roubles for each deciteen. The general price of land in the market being (as I am informed) not one-half of this sum, the price seems to be a fair one, involving compensation: so on this head the barons would seem to have little cause to complain. But as the peasants are poor, it is decreed that they are to have nine years to pay in, at a stipulated sum per annum. Or if the baron be willing—and, indeed, whether he be willing or no—the serfs in a village may borrow money from the State, by becoming security for each other, and pledging their land, to pay the baron off at once. Thus, they can become immediately and wholly independent, with the State for their only creditor, while the baron obtains the wherewith to farm his own remaining lands. But such arrangements not being thought sufficient to meet the present need of the great mass of poor barons, the State has further devoted a large sum to be expended in loans for a long time, at low interest, on the security of the land, to these poor baronial proprietors. Such, with some other arrangements of less moment, are the terms of the famous emancipation edict now at last in force.

THE HEART OF THE WAR.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

PEACE in the clover-scented air,
And stars within the dome;
And underneath, in dim repose,
A plain New England home.
Within, a murmur of low tones
And sighs from hearts oppressed,
Merging in prayer, at last, that brings
The balm of silent rest.

"I've closed a hard day's work, Marty,
The evening chores are done;
And you are weary with the house,
And with the little one.
But he is sleeping sweetly now,
With all our pretty brood;
So come and sit upon my knee,
And it will do me good.

"Oh! Marty, I must tell you all
The trouble in my heart,
And you must do the best you can
To take and bear your part.
You've seen the shadow on my face,
You've felt it day and night;
For it has filled our little home,
And banished all its light.

"I did not mean it should be so,
And yet I might have known
That hearts that live as close as ours
Can never keep their own.
But we are fallen on evil times,
And do whate'er we may,
My heart grows sad about the war,
And sadder every day.

"I think about it when I work,
And when I try to rest,
And never more than when your head
Is pillowed on my breast;
For then I see the camp-fires blaze,
And sleeping men around,
Who turn their faces toward their homes,
And dream upon the ground.

"I think about the dear, brave boys,
My mates in other years,
Who pine for home and those they love,
Till I am choked with tears.
With shouts and cheers they marched away
On Glory's shining track,
But ah! how long, how long they stay!
How few of them come back!

"One sleeps beside the Tennessee,
And one beside the James,
And one fought on a gallant ship
And perished in its flames.
And some, struck down by fell disease,
Are breathing out their life;
And others, maimed by cruel wounds,
Have left the deadly strife.

"Ah! Marty, Marty, only think
Of all the boys have done
And suffered in this weary war!
Brave heroes, every one!
Oh! often, often in the night,
I hear their voices call:
'Come on and help us! Is it right
That we should bear it all?'

"And when I kneel and try to pray,
My thoughts are never free,
But cling to those who toil and fight
And die for you and me.
And when I pray for victory,
It seems almost a sin
To fold my hands and ask for what
I will not help to win.

"Oh! do not cling to me and cry,
For it will break my heart;
I'm sure you'd rather have me die
Than not to bear my part.
You think that some should stay at home
To care for those away;
But still I'm helpless to decide
If I should go or stay.

"For, Marty, all the soldiers love,
And all are loved again;
And I am loved, and love, perhaps,
No more than other men.
I cannot tell—I do not know—
Which way my duty lies,
Or where the Lord would have me build
My fire of sacrifice.

"I feel—I know—I am not mean;
And though I seem to boast,
I'm sure that I would give my life
To those who need it most.
Perhaps the Spirit will reveal
That which is fair and right;
So, Marty, let us humbly kneel,
And pray to Heaven for light."

Peace in the clover-scented air,
And stars within the dome;
And underneath, in dim repose,
A plain New England home.
Within, a widow in her weeds,
From whom all joy is flown,
Who kneels among her sleeping babes,
And weeps and prays alone!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

CHURCHIANITY *versus* CHRISTIANITY.

THE emphasis of ecclesiastical discipline is wholly changed. It no longer rests where the Bible put it. It rests where it never was placed by the Bible. The emphasis of ecclesiastical discipline rests upon nice metaphysical distinctions, about which the Bible is entirely silent. If a man believes in perfection in this life, there is many a Calvinistic church that would expel him. If a man rises in the midst of the brotherhood of many an orthodox church, and says, "I have adopted entirely different views about the atonement and about God's moral government from those with which I came into the church," that man may be humble, he may be benevolent, he may be a godly man in the judgment of every member of the church, there may not be a man, woman, or child in the community that doubts that he walks with God every day, and yet the Church will feel itself in conscience bound to say, "You must leave us." And in that same church may be a man that holds steadily to every point of the creed, that is always within the law, that never violates any canon, that takes care to steer clear of all departures from ecclesiastical regulations, that observes Sundays, that does not say anything against the Bible, and though he is so proud and greedy and selfish that the minister mourns, and the deacons mourn, and the members mourn, and his wife mourns because he is so worldly and hard, nobody thinks of disciplining him. In heart he dissents from every point and particular of Christ's example, and from every point and particular about which the Bible is emphatic, and yet no effort is made to eject him from the church. Spiritually he is a heretic, but theologically he is orthodox: and they will not touch him. Pride, and selfishness, and greediness, and worldly-mindedness, and vanity—they thrive in the church; but intellectual aberrations on subjects that nobody can measure, intellectual aberrations as to man's ability or inability; intellectual aberrations in regard to the doctrines of absolute decrees or relative or qualified decrees; intellectual aberrations with respect to the mode of administration in moral government—these will set men asunder and against each other.

Now the Bible, if it puts its discipline anywhere, puts it against moral obliquities; and a man, if he is to be dealt with at all, is to be dealt with in relation to heart-dispositions, and not in relation to intellectual discrepancies. But theology, as held in the churches, divides men for intellectual reasons, but does not meddle with them for the more important moral ones.

I know an elder in the Presbyterian Church, who was, in a neighboring town in this State, expelled because he went on the Sabbath day to hear a Spiritualist lecture. He was the best man, by the consent even of those that expelled him, in that church. He was a model citizen, I am told. But it was contrary to the laws of the church, that he should leave his place on Sunday to hear this peripatetic heresiarch. He might, perhaps, have spent his Sunday better; but if he thought he could not, I take his side, and say that it was a part of his Christian liberty to judge for himself as to what would do him the most good. I think I do better to feed on grass than on straw, but if you think you do better to feed on straw than on grass, who am I, that I should have the right to sit in judgment on your nutriment? And if a man says, "I believe in this mode of revealed truth, and not in this," it comes under that passage where the Apostle says, "To his own master he standeth or falleth." "But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

The emphasis of ecclesiastical discipline also rests upon conformities and dissent upon questions of government, and ordinances, and worship, which are not determined in Scripture. Our churches are divided up now on those questions. We are seldom divided so much by heart-matters as by these head-matters, which cover the very ground on which the Bible gives us but fragmentary views. Why cannot we and the Episcopalians mingle harmoniously? We are substantially alike in faith and doctrine. It is government that sets us apart. Why cannot we and the Baptists go in and out of Jordan alike, and of Jerusalem, that lies beyond? It is ordinance that separates us in such matters in this and many other instances. Thank God, each denomination is beginning to say, "Let me hold my views; but let me accept others' consciences as well as maintain my own." That is right; but you know very well that until recently the wall between the denominations was a wall so solid that all the artillery of love could not batter it down, and make a passage through these mere human and external matters.

We are negligent almost wholly of the only elements which the Scripture insists upon—moral dispositions; and we are intense and despotic concerning those elements which the Scripture has left to the liberty of man; which it has refused to settle; which it has compelled men to settle, and to settle gradually.

So that the Church, in every age, more or less, has been guilty of so constructing God's fold that multitudes of his own sheep could not enter therein. I know, to-day, many godly men that cannot go into the Church. They want the fellowship of Christians; but they cannot enter the churches as they are now constituted and administered. They would violate their consciences if they did; and they are therefore obliged to walk, as I believe they do walk, godly lives outside the Church. The churches as administered to-day put a thousand times more emphasis upon externals of which the Bible says little or nothing than upon great essentials of which the Bible mainly teaches—love to God and love to men.—*H. W. Beecher, Sermon in The Independent.*

GEORGE THOMPSON, LL.D.

THE Wesleyan University—the body that has recently conferred the degree of LL. D. upon George Thompson, Esq., of England—is the oldest institution in connection with the Episcopal Methodist body of the United States. It was founded in 1831, and for eight years, from the time of its commencement, it was presided over by the Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D.D.

During the early years of its existence, the Wesleyan University was largely patronized by the Southern and more Southerly Middle States. This circumstance gave to it that pro-slavery character which was notorious at the time Mr. Thompson was first in America. In the spring of 1835, Mr. Thompson was at Lynn (Mass.), during the sitting of the Methodist Conference in that town. On that occasion, Dr. Fisk, who was present, considered it a part of his duty to lecture the members of the Conference on the impropriety and danger to the Church of affording any countenance to the Abolition movement. The reverend Doctor was especially severe in his animadversions on the proceedings of the English anti-slavery emissary, whom he stigmatized as a fanatic, and whose labors to promote the overthrow of American slavery he described as an "impertinent interference in foreign affairs." The Doctor's address, which was delivered in the morning, had an effect upon the Conference the opposite of that which it was designed to produce. Immediately upon the adjournment of the session, seventy of the ministers who had listened to Dr. Fisk's denunciatory diatribe signed a requisition to Mr. Thompson, inviting him to deliver a lecture to such members of the Conference as were desirous of hearing him, and placing the Second Methodist church in Lynn at his disposal. The "foreign intermeddler" joyfully complied with the request, and named the following evening for the meeting. The building was crowded. The centre seats in the body of the church were set apart for clergymen belonging to the Conference. On Mr. Thompson's appearance in the pulpit, these gentlemen simultaneously rose, and paid their respects to the English orator by a respectful bow. Such was the practical comment, on the part of a large portion of the Conference, upon the lecture they had received from the President of the Wesleyan University.

About the same period, Mr. Thompson was virulently attacked in the newspapers of the day by the Rev. D. D. Whedon, Dr. Fisk's colleague in the University. To one of these attacks, Mr. Thompson replied in the columns of *Zion's Herald*, in a letter which is now before us. In this letter, Mr. Thompson counsels his traducer to reconsider the abusive articles he has published—to do so in his closet, upon his knees, and in the presence of God. "Pray earnestly (Mr. T. says) for wisdom, truth and charity. Let the slave stand before you in the awful attributes of a deathless nature and an accountable soul; and then, reflect whether you have done well to seek to bring upon the head of the stranger who has been that slave's advocate, a relentless storm of popular indignation." The gentleman to whom these words were addressed has been, we are happy to learn, for the last fifteen years, an earnest promoter of the Anti-Slavery cause, and has devoted himself with commendable zeal to the work of dissociating the body to which he belongs from all connection with the slaveholding churches of the South. We understand that Mr. (now Dr.) Whedon was amongst those who called upon Mr. Thompson, during his visit to Middletown, to tender him their congratulations upon the distinction he had obtained. Our friend may well prize the honor that has been bestowed upon him; not, however, as a personal compliment, but as evidence, of an unmistakable kind, of the adoption of those principles on account of which he was aforetime persecuted, by one of the most numerous and powerful religious denominations in this country.

SALA-ENT BLACKGUARDISM.

MR. G. A. SALA is, I perceive, a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly*. I wonder whether the distinguished gentlemen who conduct that periodical are in the habit of reading Mr. Sala's letters to *The Daily Telegraph*, or whether it is agreeable to them to have their country and institutions caricatured, and the women, as well as the men, of America buffooned. You know what Mr. Sala's style is: it is the grotesque. He can see nothing as it really is—only the ill-shapen figures to which an eccentric imagination has given the semblance of life. In all that he ever wrote one sees the exaggeration of language and the same coarseness of thought and description. He aims to be a humorist; but so does the ape when he imitates the grimaces of his master. He pretends to be fair in his descriptions of American life; so did that Japanese traveller who, on returning to his own country, gave the ladies a bad name because they wore crinoline and danced at evening parties. His libels on American women were scandalous, and I regret to say he has not improved since his return from Mexico. His last performance has been to write nine or ten columns of insufferable twaddle about the Fourth of July, his object being to excite the utmost possible amount of vulgar merriment at your expense. I don't want to fill your columns with the offscourings of Mr. Sala's pen; but here are a few sentences, which you ought to have the benefit of. He writes:

"I have ever had the greatest difficulty in persuading myself that the coarse, violent, vulgar, bearded man who occupies the rostrum in American Dissenting Churches—now spouting like an auctioneer, now like a strolling player, now lolling in an armed chair while the hymn is being sung—was a priest of any creed. This, of course, arises from prejudice, and from having been brought up in the Church of England. To prejudiced persons the service of the Church should be, to a certain extent, a mystery, and elevated far beyond the petty environments of daily life. Prejudiced persons look upon the priest as a man set apart. When their priest is a funny priest, or an abusive priest, they are apt—in their prejudices—to look upon him, not with admiration, but with horror. There is nothing mysterious about the religion of the masses here. The 'Episcopal Methodists' have 'hot turkey supper celebrations'; and the 'Church of the Holy Trinity' advertises a 'clam-cake feast and strawberry ice-cream festival.' The pulpits are draped in party flags, the preacher reeks from last night's stump oratory, and the printer's devil is waiting with the proof of his last political sermon to be inserted in next week's *Independent*. Everybody is familiar with the Scriptures; and scriptural jokes, of the most abominably blasphemous kind, are the choicest pearls in the garland of American humor. In fact, the money-changers have got into the temple, and there are no means of driving them out; but then the Priests and Levites have in their turn gone down town, and are great in Wall street and at Tammany."

With this morsel from Mr. Sala's last letter, I leave that worthy gentleman, thanking him, in return, for the information which he communicates, that there are in America "Dissenting Churches"; and, as a *quid pro quo*, reminding him that, as Manhattan is dead, he might add to his income by writing to *The Standard* as well as *The Telegraph*. No man is better fitted to do Manhattan's peculiar work.—*London Cor. Independent.*

WHY GOD MADE THE WEEDS.—I think God made weeds because he meant to make men work for everything they get—and if anybody owns my farm, he will find out that he will have to work for what he gets! As the Lord left the Canaanites in the mountains to vex the children of Israel incessantly, that they might learn upon whom they depended; so, it seems to me, there are Canaanites of the garden, and Amorites, and Hittites, and Perizzites, and Hivites, and Jebusites, and all other ites, in the shape of thistles, and parsley, and weeds of every description. And men say, "What did God make weeds for? They are not good for medicine or forage; they are not good for the table; they are not good for anything; and yet they have been made, and they grow prolific beyond all hindering." As if God asked man, "What do you want?" and then refused himself the liberty of creating anything else! . . . . In the Scriptures it is said that the Lord shall rejoice in his works. God makes a thousand things in this world because of his own taste. The earth is God's journal, and every day he writes upon it his own thoughts and his own feelings. As the father pleases his own children, his own household, and his own neighborhood, and yet retires to his own study or library, and there sits down to record in his private journal his own fancies and judgments to please himself; so God nourishes man, that is his child, and rocks him in the abundance of the world's good, and yet does a great many things beside. And it is superlative egotism and impertinent conceit in a man to undertake to measure everything by the law of his own benefit.—*H. W. Beecher.*

"THE LITTLE BLACK BOY."

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

THE following verses could scarcely have been done better in the light of the present day, when black folks are proving their brotherhood so convincingly. They were written about a hundred years ago, by William Blake—the same of whom Gail Hamilton gave a brief account, under the heading, "Pictor Ignotus," in the April number of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

C. B. C.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh! my soul is white;
White as an angel in the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun—there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men receive
Comfort in mourning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies, and this sun-burnt face,
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,
Saying, 'Come out from the grave, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy—
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

SIMPLICITY IN APPAREL.

THE last number of *The Atlantic Monthly* has a chapter of "House and Home papers," which treats on extravagance in dress and in habits of living, and concludes with the following notice of the labors of our dear friends, Elizabeth L. Comstock, of Michigan, and Rebecca Collins, of New York, who have been engaged in religious service in Boston for several weeks past.—*Friends' Review.*

"I will tell you what I saw the other night, girls, in the parlor of